

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

15th Year, No. 52

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General.

TORONTO SEPTEMBER 23, 1899.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price 5 Cents.

Judgments.

Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people.—Prov. xiv. 34



UNIVERSAL history records in a striking and convincing manner the fact that God judges a nation, or a city, as He judges an individual; just nations have risen until, in

their power, they became arrogant, proud and indulgent. So we see in rotation Persia, Egypt, Greece and Rome rise, prosper, expand, degenerate and fall, and their falls were great and complete. So secular history runs parallel to the Bible's accounts of God's chosen people, and the cities and kingdoms with whom they came in contact. Had companions not only spoil good manners, but also good morals, and a righteous man does seldom live consistently in a wicked city—eat and drink and do business with wicked men without becoming contaminated, unless he cries out against the wickedness of that city. The awful judgment which befell the cities of the plain in the time of Lot was by no means an

isolated case. Among other similar catastrophes there is the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii, which is recorded in history, and which has been depicted in our frontispiece of this issue.

Herculaneum was built on a hill situated between two streams with an excellent harbor which had the additional fame of being safe at all seasons. Its romantic situation made it a favorite resort of the Romans during the close of the republic and the earlier time of the empire. At one time an emperor had his villa there. Its wickedness was excessive. The loose morals and corrupt pleasures of the Roman court were reproduced there with even less restraint.

Prophets are Not Wanted.

If a prophet had foretold the destruction of the city he would have been laughed at, as its very site was such that the probabilities of being burned during a volcanic eruption was not even thought of. Yet the unexpected always happens. The flood came in spite of the blue skies and laughing crowds of men who watched for year after year the building of the ark. The fire rained from heaven in spite of the mocking unbelief in Lot's sons-in-law. And there was the mighty voice of an earthquake heard in the year of 63, A. D., when Herculaneum suffered a terrible loss. There was lamenting and weeping for a few days, then the citizens began to rebuild amongst laughter and greater debaucheries.

In the year of 79, A. D., when the

city was hardly restored, the unexpected happened; Vesuvius broke out and spewed forth gigantic streams of liquid lava and rained clouds of ashes upon the doomed city. So swift and sudden came the calamity upon the unsuspecting citizens that only a very few escaped to tell the tale. Pliny, the historian who records the incident, went to approach the city with help from outside by boat, but found its excellent harbor filled up and inaccessible. Red hot lava streams had surrounded the city and the waters of the two streams which encircled the city rose rapidly, cutting off the only way of escape. The people were caught in a trap, were burned beneath ashes and lava from forty to one hundred feet deep.

In 1709 some men searching for crushed marble deposits came upon walls and statues of the buried city, whose very existence had been forgotten. Large excavations have been since made and many beautiful statues, paintings and houses have been found. Alas, the perfection of human talent and accomplishment too frequently leads to estrangement with God, instead of increasing man's usefulness in His service.

A Modern Example.

Another tragedy among nations seems impending. The world has been shocked by the outrage of justice which was committed in France in connection with the Dreyfus trial. France, once the powerful and glorious, seems now tottering on the brink of dissolution. Since it has divorced itself as a nation from God, by destroying every recognition of religion in their national life and public

education, it has drifted into disaster. The Dreyfus trial has been only one of the windows by which other nations have looked into the heart of France. Modern isulins have not been wanting who have cried, "Repent!" but their voices have been drowned amid the clamor of the multitude who have been without a true shepherd. The Salvation Army has been for years toiling in every centre of importance with remarkable success, yet all that has been accomplished seems so very little in comparison with the millions who are in the clutches of infidelity. What a people the French nation would be in the service of righteousness, can be judged from the excellency of our French officers and soldiers, who have few equals in soldierly, concentration and whole-hearted devotion to God and man. Truth-loving and God-fearing men are weeping, and with trembling heart see the shadow of the Hand of Retribution coming.

But sin and wickedness is here with us. There is plenty of work to do in our Territory. Canada, as a nation, is in its infancy. Now is the time to incessantly fight sin, stand up for righteousness and uphold truth. If we but faithfully deal, as Salvationists, with the individual—and the churches with the individual of their congregations—then the national history will develop along the line of rectitude. A nation is made up of people, and just as it is easier to save ten children from becoming drunkards, than to save one drunkard, so also is it easier and better to convert men individually than to correct their vices and sins by legislation and parliaments.



THE DESTRUCTION OF HERCULANEUM.

Australasia

Revisited

OR,
THE UPS AND DOWNS OF COM-
MISSIONER POLLARD.

(N. B.—The advantage of this serial story is that each chapter can be read as a whole by new as well as old readers, without referring to what has gone before.—Ed.)

CHAPTER VIII. LOVE-MAKING.

There is an originality about Salvation Army officers' love-making. They fall to love very soon after the fashion which has obtained from time immemorial; but they marry for war.

Jacob met Rachel at the well. George Arthur Pollard met Miss Pearcey in the same way. That was all the difference—a mere difference of meeting-place. Jacob and George Pollard had their eyes, heart and brain influenced in one way; they both loved, and loved at first sight. They were both largely ignorant of their future: Jacob as to his exact mission in the world, and Pollard as to how his was to work out. Jacob did not despise Rachel, because she was a girl; neither was any employed at the menial task of water-carrying, neither did Pollard Miss Pearcey because she wore round her hat a fine and expensive feather and a superabundance of lace and frilling.

There was character in both women, and from the start of his career George Pollard had the gift of discernment, and although he was not a student of the scriptures, he knew—not exactly at the moment of his first acquaintance—yet he knew where they would end. They would end at the Cross.

Their First Meeting.

Their early, or first love, was all beautiful. Mr. Brainwell Booth, in one of his books remarks: "The beautiful example of a supreme affection, unified with true consecration to the Kingdom of Christ, which is presented to the people by many of our married officers, is doing something amidst influences that are all selfish and sensual to restore the lost image of a human and holy marriage. It is a combination which has been as rare as it is beautiful—a union of spiritual and secular virtues, a fervent piety and deep love for the Church of God with deep human sympathy and human weakness, with high-strung enthusiasm for souls with great tenderness and patience, and the love of little children." An example of this union is found in the lives and labors of the two officers now before us.

Let us see how these lives, running in different channels, draw near to each other till they gradually, naturally, and inevitably become one. Miss Pearcey went back to the Peckham Christian Mission, attracted on this occasion by the announcement that a black man was to preach. A coincidence is suggested here. It was a black man who was to deliver to the "G" at Pollard on his first Sunday at Dunedin; it was a black man who drew Miss Pearcey to the Peckham Mission on the night she surrendered her will, her heart, her life to God.

She sat four or five seats from the platform in the little hall. The usual features of the meeting were again conspicuous: a rifle-rang congregation, a general hustle and bustle about everything, a strange but sweet atmosphere, and a deep sense of reality and earnestness. Miss Pearcey was no longer amused; she was concerned. The knowledge of sin had been within her; she felt her need of a Saviour. She had no connected or distinct recollection of what was said. She was burdened with one thought, one desire—"Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?"

The fiery appeals from the platform for decision, poured, as they were, by every sign of a consciousness of a heapy measure of sin had been within her; she made Miss Pearcey forget everything, even the young man whose respectability, combined with zeal, had made such an impression on her before. The need of salvation consumed her.

The prayer meeting began. A rather hot-headed, excitable, and extravagant man was exhorting sinners to "come out

now. Heaven and hell are at war, and God must and shall have the victory!"

He divested himself of his robe, and, as if his sleeve, jumped off the platform, climbed over the seats till he came to the spot where Miss Pearcey sat.

"You need salvation, sister!" he cried, and a chorus, with "Glory, glory, glory," as the leading line, was sung lustily.

"You ought to come to-night!" he again cried, and Miss Pearcey rose. A clap of spiritual thunder was the sequel. Regardless of everything about her, Miss Pearcey walked forward to the platform and fell at the Saviour's feet.

The Hand of Fellowship.

She soon realized a deep, deep as assurance of the pardoning love of God, and as she stood up, in a rapture of a love that beheld only God in the world—"the fairest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely"—she was oblivious of the fact that it was George Arthur Pollard (her future husband) who asked her name and address, and wanted her to "be sure and come to the converts' meeting on Tuesday night." We have not time to enter into details. We shall be delighted to see you, and I now give you the right hand of fellowship. God bless you!

There was no love-making, of course; no, not if marriage is made in heaven and not the Great Pilot of human life a hand in that meeting?

Miss Pearcey went home rejoicing, and counted the hours and minutes, till Tuesday night. The next day, quite new to her, and even London—sombre, sad, London—seemed to wear a happy smile when she rose next morning from her knees in prayer and looked out upon the merry-hell of the city. Ah! salvation means the second birth, which gives us new eyes and ears, new hearts and new hopes.

Towards the close of the Tuesday night's meeting, just as the previous one to Miss Pearcey—the young zealot of the company said: "We must not separate without a word from our last Sunday night's convert. Won't you have a word, sister?"

He could see resist the appeal? Her heart was overflowing with joy; but let no reader imagine that this joy had anything whatever to do with the young man who had thus addressed her. Such a thought was further from her mind. The joy was Heaven-born, and, although she betrayed a timidity and modesty which added to the charms of her simplicity (and her natural beauty), she gladly testified that she was on the "Rock, Christ Jesus. My confidence is in God, that He will keep me faithful to the end." Simple, but fervent.

Of course, George Pollard saw Miss Pearcey frequently after this, and when he opened the old newspaper shop in High Street, Peckham, we already know that he turned, instinctively, to the young man who had been so true in the capacity of treasurer of the concert.

This was, perhaps, the first step—taken with a mutual unconsciousness as to where and what it would lead—towards a step that neither will ever live to regret.

Miss Pearcey's Trophy.

But Miss Pearcey had other endowments besides that of upholding the little Mission financially. She had the courage to face a mob and conquer them. There is a capital story told of those days. We need not go into the details of it here. Suffice it that a pack of young Peckham rowdies set upon Pollard one night and thrashed him so that he fell back against the wall, almost in a faint. On seeing the effect of their brutality they made off.

Miss Pearcey ran after them, and, being fleet of foot, overtook the ringleader, collared him, and asked him what he thought of himself. "What harm has the young man done me?" repeated more than once, coming down upon the fellow's head with as much muscular Christianity as she was capable of utilizing!

Tough as he was, the Peckham rowdy did not see the courage to strike back; and seeing her chance, she made the most of it. "I 'ope the cove ain't 'art, miss," he said, "I 'only meant to 'ave a lark wiv 'im."

"Your lark, then, has knocked him senseless; and I sha'n call a policeman."

"Don't do that, miss."

"Well, then, will you do what I ask you?"

"Anything you likes; I'm sorry, miss, 'pon my 'onor I 'is—seein' that you're an interested party."

"Could you help him on to the car, then, and beg his pardon."

"Done!" and Miss Pearcey dragged her trophy along the street, and he was

as good as his word. He apologized with excellent grace, and lifted Pollard on to the car, and vowed he wouldn't touch "a Salvation bloke again."

We are, by this incident, quite prepared for another. The Army, about this time, had opened a branch Chelsea, and this corps announced a tea-fight. Peckham went over to the feast, and the united affair went off like a marriage-bell.

"Good-Night, George!"

On the way back, the Peckham company separated in twos, and, whether by an adumbration of disposition or pure accident, we will not say which, it is certain that George Arthur Pollard and Miss Pearcey found themselves engaged in an entertaining conversation about what had taken place at the meeting that night, and also the object of the celebration of the General's Silver Wedding. Whitechapel, and that they had quite out-distanced the other members of the party.

The discovery only lent zest and freedom to their talk, however. Pollard was at a loss for a long time, for moments of time with useful and chirpy conversation, and we may be certain that, with the visions which he then had about quitting South London and offering himself as an officer of the Salvation Army, to go anywhere for the Lord, he had no depth of matter on this particular occasion. If we mistake not, a shadow of disappointment crossed his youthful countenance when at length he perceived that their destination was nearing the end.

"Time has flown on wings to night," said Pollard, and then there was a pause, and he addressed Miss Pearcey no longer by that ceremonious title. He called her by her Christian name! And from that hour their love-making was an unwritten but perfectly understood and successful law.

"Good-night, George," she said, in accepting his hand at parting; "take care of yourself, and God bless you!"

(To be continued.)

His Last Drink.

Some time ago, while out visiting, on turning a corner amid the great crowd who are always to be found on the streets of Dawson, a man, well known to me, said, "It's a terrible sight I've just witnessed. A poor fellow, I learned from a girl that a man had dropped dead at the G—saloon. I quickly made my way to the place where they had carried the man—it was a gambling hall. They had covered him with a tent, and one of the police was standing by." It seemed to me that the devil used the occasion as an advertisement, for three steps down from where the dead man lay I stood and watched them dish out the whiskey, etc., to the poor, and I thought who came in one after another, and quite unconcerned threw their quarters down on the counter, took a glass and helped themselves at the bar.

My attention was more turned to the dead on arrival of the coroner and doctor, who gave orders for the body to be turned over to the Government Undertaker. "Dead in sin" was my first thought. Scotty, who was generally known, had been well known to me and had become quite intimate on account of us both having been in the navy for many years. Many a talk we had had together on things of God, and of eternity, and while he was not willing to do what was right, yet he often admitted that I was right, and made all kinds of promises. Scotty had been a drunkard one many years, and was one of these drunken apes, while in the act of leaving the G—, he was seen to stagger, take one uncertain step, and fall, to be carried into the place where I found him. He had squandered his money and life away, in the place where he got his last drink.

Scotty is gone, the bustle of the city goes on just the same. One is hardly ever missed. He is just one of the multitude of men and women whose setting sin is the cursed cup. When will men wake up to their lost condition, and see that unless the Blood is applied to their souls, they shall be driven from God's presence for ever.—Capt. Johnny LeCoeq.

Respectable people! consider this. If you separate yourselves from everyone that you call a sinner, you turn everyone to whom you can do any good.—Thomas T. Lynch.

The First War Cry Round IN SKAGWAY'S SALOONS.

A Graphic Description by Ensign Bloss.

At last our long-looked-for War Cry article came, with them the privilege of selling them for the first time in Alaska. The same evening (or the next) after they arrived, our meeting closed a little early, so, being seized with a desire to see a few announcements of the saloons and gambling places (which are open all night), I started out. I entered the first saloon and offered my papers for sale to some men drinking at the bar, and as I did so I must confess the old freedom and love for Cry selling came back upon me, for I think it is a year and a half since I did any. The men at the bar did not buy any, so the next man I struck was the proprietor, who asked me how many I had. I counted and found I had eighteen. "Well, what will you take for the lot?" he asked. "I get 5 cents each," I replied. "All right, give me 10 cents," he said, "one silver dollar, so I quickly gave him the 10 cents and the eighteen Crys; these he sent around to one of his friends, and as Adj. McGill was around visiting he came across the lot, and asked me how many I had. He was interested in one of the purchased Crys that he sat up till 2 a.m. reading it, as there was an article there with photos of his old home in Ontario. May it be the means of salvation to his soul, he came back and got some more Crys and visited other saloons, ending up in the Free Theatre, where another man bought a quarter's worth to be distributed among his friends. I asked him how I saw in this den of iniquity! Fallen men and women, some of them, their faces covered with paint, which did not hide the hollow cheeks and sunken eyes. Oh, my God, have pity on them!

I reached home, having sold about 37 papers. Most all are surprised at the splendid get-up of our paper, and some had been longing to see them, having been customers back east. There are great opportunities connected with Cry selling for speaking to souls and with a baptized heart, boundless opportunities present themselves. One man, apparently an educated Englishman, asked him to buy Cry said he could not read, but the moment he said it something impressed me that it was not the truth, but taking it in the spirit of the Master and passing on. He showed his wife, and she told me, and there told me that his father (if I mistake not) was one of the English clergymen who helped with the late revision of the Bible, but he was wayward. He showed his wife, and she told me, and there told me that his father (if I mistake not) was one of the English clergymen who helped with the late revision of the Bible, but he was wayward. He showed his wife, and she told me, and there told me that his father (if I mistake not) was one of the English clergymen who helped with the late revision of the Bible, but he was wayward. He showed his wife, and she told me, and there told me that his father (if I mistake not) was one of the English clergymen who helped with the late revision of the Bible, but he was wayward.

PITHY PREACHMENTS.

Forgiveness is love towards the unworthy. 11212

A thought that is not the soul of a nation is valueless. 11212

In the end, those who trust most will find they are nearest truth. 11212

Any faith in Him, however small, is better than any belief about Him, however great. 11212

When a man knows his work and will not do it, pity him more than one who is to hang to-morrow. 11212

There is a mystery about the very nature of evil, which only He, Who made us capable of evil that we may become good, can apprehend. 11212

Salvation lies in being one with Christ, even as the branch is one with the vine; any salvation short of knowing God, is no salvation at all. 11212

A great man is one who will try to do right against the devil himself, or from whom will not do wrong to please anybody, or to save his life. 11212

Our Eastern Commanders.

Brief Life Sketches of Major and Mrs. Pickering, Provincial Officers for the Eastern Province.

By MAJOR PICKERING.



CAPTAIN George and Happy Sully are coming!" These singular words, polished in bold type, on flaming yellow paper, marked the turning point in the Major's life. This announcement preceded the advent of the S. A. in the York-shire's scapport, Hall.

With thousands of others, I visited the Army out of curiosity. At first the novelty of the whole thing appeared a huge joke, and for some time I attended Army meetings, without any impression being made.

Through reading of books and contact with atheists, I gradually drew religion overboard; my scepticism was intensified by the glaring inconsistency of my employers in their business dealings, all the time being prominent church members.

However, the Army's advent, coupled with a godly mother's prayers, was speedily to make a change. My conversion was a striking one. I had gone to Holland for my summer holidays, and sitting gambling in a cafe, in Rotterdam, one Friday night, about 10:30, suddenly heard a voice I had often heard before praying—"O God, save my boy!" I started, swung round in my chair, but the only on-looker was a Dutch waiter. I tried to drown the voice by plunging more manfully into the game, but could not, and finally rushed from the building to the amazement of my friends.

A week later found me back in England, and the following Sunday night I knelt at the penitent form.

I became a soldier, as far as circumstances would allow; my duties

as a traveller took me over a wide field. While on a business trip I dropped into a barracks in Manchester, where a farewell meeting was in progress—the first two halves from the corps were leaving to enter the T. II. One of them interested me.

Two years later, from this very corps, I entered the T. II. as a Cadet, and spent eight happy weeks under its roof, drinking in the many soul-inspiring truths enunciated there. My first appointment was as Secretary at the First Eastern Division. On my arrival at Headquarters the first thing that caught my eye was a motto:—

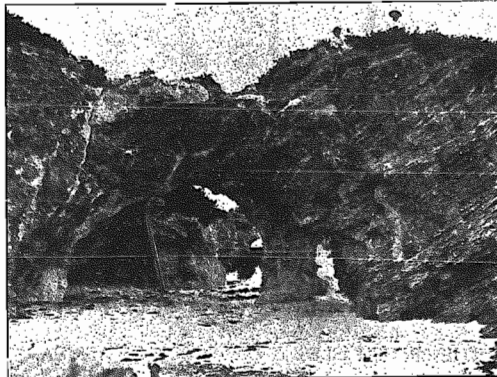
"Be Prepared for Difficulty, Darkness and Scouring Defeat."

"We Pass Through these to Victory."



MAJOR AND MRS. PICKERING, Eastern Province.

This has proved a stimulus to me through many a dark hour. Feeling the need of a thorough knowledge of Field work, I asked for a Field appointment, and after some time was



NATURAL ARCH, TUCKER'S TOWN, BERMUDA.

appointed to open a new corps, Holbrook. Svaftnam followed, being another new opening; then Glasgow, where a huge theatre was taken for a barracks. Dundee III, still another



We left this corps with \$100 in hand.

This closed my Field career. I next was appointed to the East London and Essex Division as D. O., and God marvelously set His seal to our efforts. Five corps and societies were opened. From there we took command of the North London Division. This Division was the largest for soldiery in the country. Then came the dividing up of London; the North Division was cut up into three parts, and we were loan transferred to take command of the West. There again God set His seal upon our efforts; during our eight months' stay seven new corps and societies were opened, 1,200 soldiers enrolled, and our open-air attendances went up 1,000 per week.

Here we are in Canada, and while we find a change in many respects, yet we are in for claiming big things for God and the Army. We are more in love with the Flag and the Army's leaders than ever.

THE MAJOR'S BETTER HALF.

Mrs. Pickering was saved at 15 at the Army's penitent form, Openshaw, Manchester. She was always looked upon as a good, moral girl, but found out with it all she needed salvation. She worked hard as a soldier, was an ardent War Cry boomer, and severely ever missed the open-air. She entered the Training Home in September, 1881, and has many vivid recollections of the early struggles of those days. After a term at the famous Gredan Theatre, where nightly ruffiansism told upon her strength, she specialised with Miss Emma Booth (now Mrs. Booth-Tucker) for some time. Then: serious breakdown in health compelled a lengthened furlough. She was married to the Major in 1888, and for 11 years has been an invaluable helper in the war.

WHAT TO TALK.

Talk happiness; the world is sad enough.
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough;
Look for the places that are smooth and clear.
And speak of those to rest the weary ear.
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith; the world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf.
Of silence all your thoughts (ill faith) shall come;
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

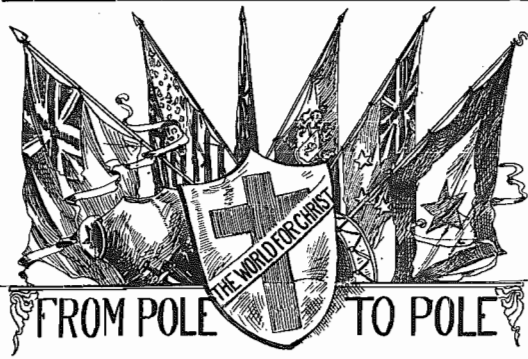
To pray without ceasing is not a mode of speech; it is an attitude of spirit. . . . "I do always those things which please Him"—that is praying without ceasing.—Rev. J. H. Jowett, M. A.



HIGH CLIFF, TUCKER'S TOWN, BERMUDA.

SWEDEN.

GLOBELETS.



THE BRITISH ISLES.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The General spent another Sunday afternoon in the village, this time at Disa. There were 75 at the Cross. The Norwich I. band assisted. Though there is only a population of 4,000, no less than thirty-six saloons are to be found in the place.

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The Chief's last Council with Local Officers was at Leyds, when 400 met his last Saturday, bright in their full uniform, and ready, eager, and receptive of spirit. The day was one of the best the Chief has yet had of this character. He was much impressed by the appearance and spirit manifested, and he was accorded a reception in every way worthy of their native enthusiasm.

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Mrs. Bramwell Booth went down to the Farm Colony with 200 Light Brigade Agents and Boxholders and spent a happy day.

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The latest English Cry says: "Something new under the sun, and this would Bradford way—the Elevator Wood Section supplied with electric power for wood-sawing." (It will interest our readers to know that the Toronto Woodway had electric power for cutting wood about five years ago.)

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The latest English War Cry has the following item: "Bailie Gordon and his daughter, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Murray, had a chat with the Chief this week, after which Colonel Barker escorted them through the Prison Gate Home and round the shelters. Mrs. Murray, writing thanks on behalf of herself and her father, says, 'The Shelters are so clean, and everything so attractive.' " (It will interest our readers to know that Bailie Gordon is the father of Mrs. Colonel Jacobs, the wife of our much-loved Chief Secretary.)

UNITED STATES.

Sixty souls came to the penitent form during the Commander's meetings at Old Orchard.

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The City Band played at the Chief Secretary's meeting in Kansas City.

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The Life of Brigadier Reid is reviewed in the latest American Cry.

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The Commander has issued a Guide-Book to his officers in connection with the coming II. F.

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Many leading American papers have expressed their contempt for the iniquitous persecution of our comrades by the police of Philadelphia.

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The salvage warehouse in Chicago is turning out just three times the amount of paper, rags, etc., that it did last year at this time. If sufficient men could be secured, even greater results could be chronicled. While in the East, Lieutenant French will confer with the Commander regarding building an addition to the present warehouse.

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San Francisco has just issued a special "Amidation War Cry" five colors. The edition is exceptionally well illustrated and the articles of first-class order.

Commissioner and Mrs. Ridsdell spent a week-end at Robertson and Montana, conducting farwell meetings. There were some excellent results.

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In the Zulu Column of the African Cry we find words like imifanana, kumindisi, izimpahla and entombeni, while in the Dutch Column are found handstelseligheden, dronkaardsgezinzen, and gescheidenissen! South Africa must be a desirable place to live in!

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A great deal of poverty and distress exists at present in Johannesburg. The Salvation Army is doing its level best to cope with it.

JAMAICA.

At the demonstration at Bluefields, Jamaica, West Indies, conducted by Commissioner Railton, which lasted three days, 71 souls professed conversion, many of them being remarkable trophies of Divine grace. The new barracks was crowded out, notwithstanding heavy down-pours of rain. There was liberty in song and prayer, so signs followed. Brigadier Rolfe interviewed a dozen Candidates for the Work during the three days. There is a great forward movement, the enemy's flank having been successfully turned.

BRITISH GUIANA.

At the Coolie Shelter, British Guiana, things are looking bright. Capt. Jackson has succeeded so well in mastering Hindustani that he is able to lead a meeting in the native tongue. A number of coolies have got saved and are being carried into a Blood-and-Fire corps. A day-school has been opened for children and a night-school for converts.

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At Barbados, Staff-Capt. Widgery has opened a combination Food and Shelter Depot and Naval and Military Home, which bids fair to be a great success. Eighteen sailors slept there recently.

INDIA AND CEYLON.

Our old friend, Commissioner Higgins, is keeping well. His last letter stated he was going to Madras to conduct officers' councils, and from there to Poona to conduct the wedding ceremony of Major Bahadur (Jinter) and Adjutant Ratna Bai (Tulloch).

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A Buddhist priest of 12 years' standing has just got converted in Ceylon, and handed over his robes to Headquarters, as he is now a Salvationist.

DENMARK.

Major Howard was married to Staff-Capt. Lonsdale on the 17th of August, and within forty-eight hours of that event they were informed that their next appointment would be in Denmark. As this is an age of record-breaking we have searched, but in vain, for precedents on the line of what we may be pardoned for describing as a honeymoon appointment. Major Howard will act as Chief Secretary in Denmark.

SWEDEN.

Our Swedish friends have had a special demonstration at Upsala. Three Salvationist-leden steamers arrived from Stockholm, two from Soderstjele and Hillersjo, while two more could easily have been fitted.

An enthusiastic crowd received them; police gave permission to march through the town to our barracks. Meetings were held in our own building and in the Methodist Church. The day's records are 12 souls for salvation and 7 for holiness, and a muster of 10,000 waving the departing steamers adieu from both sides of the river.

ITALY.

The Italian officers who have returned from the S.A. Exhibition in London are filled with a new enthusiasm to push the war still more aggressively in their country.

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On the 15th of August all the corps united in the North of Italy for their annual demonstration. That special "review" was a success, and demonstrated plainly the fact that the war in the country is going forward.

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The Italian "Grido di Guerra" is a paper quite up to date and contributes largely to the evangelization of the people.

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Although the work is very difficult and trying in that land of superstition, the officers meet everywhere with great encouragements. Every day they gain new victories.

Indian News.

The Shanar riots in South India are now reported to be at an end. The Maravars, a caste of Hindus who were previously notorious hereditary thieves, rose up against the Shanars, a toddy-drawing and agricultural caste, and went about the country in large bands setting fire to Shanar villages, killing the men, outraging the women, and initiating a reign of terror generally. They attacked none but Shanars. There are a number of what are called "Shanar Christians, but they were not attacked. Very large numbers of the Shanars embraced Mohammedanism, the Mohammedans having been given them of protection against the Maravars, if they would embrace their faith.

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The quarrel arose apparently from the attempt of some Shanars to worship in certain temples and claim certain caste position, to which the Maravars thought they were not entitled.

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The Police and Magistrates of several places are reported to have acted disgracefully, neglecting either to attempt to deal with rioters themselves or to allow information to reach high Government authority.

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Our comrade in Nagorecoil reports that for several days an attack was expected there, as Maravars, according to their custom, had sent formal written notice.

The monsoon on the western side of India is very light indeed. Staff-Capt. Dillier Singh, on our Gujarat War Colony, is an anxious man these days. The rainfall so far is very scanty, and unless there is a change in crops for the coming season are in jeopardy.

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The plague is increasing by leaps and bounds in Poona, though standing normal in Bombay, and very low in other parts of India. In Poona the death rate runs from 40 to 60 per day, and the exodus from the city is rapidly starting.

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The number of Protestant missionaries of all denominations, in India, is stated by Dr. Husbands, of Ajmer, to be 2,797 in 1860, as against 2,068 in 1848, an increase of 230. A leading Indian newspaper advances a peculiar theory, viz., that the very large increase indicates that Indian Missions are a failure, and that just as reinforcements are essential to the beaten party in battle, or to the party that are in a point of giving way, on this principle few missionaries have been called from Europe and America.

We announce with regret that Major and Mrs. Marsden have lost their darling baby-boy, aged seventeen months.

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We regret to learn that Brigadier and Mrs. Marsden have lost their precious baby, after three weeks' suffering.

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About Hong Kong, where the plague has been raging, Staff-Capt. Symonds writes in a more cheerful strain. The dreadful scourge is diminishing somewhat.

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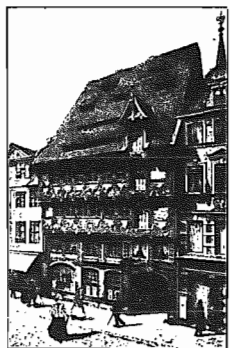
The Naval and Military Home in Japan has recently opened new premises. The present arrangements are giving every satisfaction.

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Ensign and Mrs. Bornand, with their two boys, have arrived in England on furlough, from South America, after an absence of nine years.

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Brigadier Reid's first tour in the Rhinecland Division was a great success. First Sunday, Cologne, twelve souls—all classes.



A Riallo of Former Centuries in the City of Brunswick, Germany.

The Most Famous Army Shelter.

ONLY 550 MEN ALLOWED INSIDE

The Blackfriars Shelter, London, is allowed to accommodate only 550 men nightly. The men may come in when tide like after opening time—5 p.m.—but the place is generally filled by 10 p.m. in summer and 8 p.m. in winter. The prices for admission are as follows:

Wooden shake-down, with six ounces of bread 1d.
Bunk, saw-wood mattress, coverlet, hot and cold water ad lib., clean towels, etc. 2d.
Private sleeping room, bed with spring mattress and sanitary saw-wood mattress, sheet and coverlet, and lavatory accommodation 3d.
Hot and cold bath, towels, soap, etc. 1d.
Use of crematorium for disinfecting clothes 1d.

The splendidly-adapted and well-managed food-lar supplies food at the following rates:

Triumph tea, per pint 1d.
Pea soup, per basin 1d.
"Door-steps" of bread and butter, jam, or marmalade (1½ inches thick) 1d.
Rice, per plate 1d.
Jam tart, "concrete" pudding, etc. per slice 1d.
Irish stew, "Mac's celebrated," per basin 1d.
Meat-and-potato pie 1d.
Three-ounce plate of flank beef 1d.
Fruit pie 1d.

For three halfpence, a hungry man can have his appetite taken away! The men prefer heavy and solid foods. They like to live and eat by sight, not by faith. Their hard circumstances have made them into materialists. They take good care to go where they can get the best value for their few shillings, hence their liking for the Army Shelters.



I-ANCIENT GREECE.

CHAPTER X.
ALKIBIADES.

After the death of Pericles a youth of great ability, Alkibiades, came to the front. He had been of noble family, but was made an orphan early in childhood and grew up under the guardianship of Pericles. Alkibiades was rather at pains to show off his exceptional beauty, but although the Athenians laughed at him for that reason, he was nevertheless a great favorite with the people. He was of great determination, as shown by an incident when a child. He was at play on the street and saw a wagon coming which would have spoiled his arrangement. To avoid that he laid himself down before the wheels to stop the wagon. He was an apt pupil of the great sage Socrates, who seemed to have loved him exceedingly, at one time carrying him out of battle when wounded. As Socrates was very ugly, the Athenians were much amused to see him and the beautiful Alkibiades together. The latter won many prizes at the Olympian games, and created many sensations by his eccentricities. Everybody indulged him, although later in life he offended many persons by his pride and rudeness.



ALKIBIADES.

There had been in earlier years some fighting against the Greek colonies in Sicily, who were mostly allied with Sparta. Alkibiades was interested in leading an expedition there. Nikias argued much against this, but the Athenians chose him as joint commander with Alkibiades.

One hundred war galleys, with sound of trumpet and songs and soldiers, were set out from the Piræus to sail for Italy. At Corcyra another fifty-four allied ships joined the fleet, which now contained 5,000 heavily-armed men. Arriving at Rhegium, the Italian foreland, they found, upon inquiry, that more of the Sicilian cities were against them than they expected. Nikias was for a naval demonstration to show the power of Athens and then return home. Another General wanted to attack Syracuse at once, while Alkibiades advised to gain the lesser towns, by friendship or force, and to incite the natives to revolt. Their plan was accepted. Alkibiades being an adept at talking over strangers, to whom his grace and brilliancy were new. While in the midst of carrying out his plan, orders were received from Athens for Alkibiades and his friends to return at once

to Athens to answer for several crimes of sacrilege, which they were supposed to be guilty of, and which were supposed to be a part of a conspiracy to upset the laws of Solon and make Alkibiades a tyrant of Athens.

This work of his enemies he had feared, and upon the advice of his friends, who wrote him of the popular feelings being against him, so that he would have no fair trial, he escaped on the way home. When he failed to arrive at Athens he was cursed and condemned to death. He took refuge in Sparta, and later on in Persia.

Nikias, who had been left in Sicily, was so cautious in his movements that he was considered a coward by the Syracusans, who provoked a battle in which they were defeated. In the meantime Sparta and Corinth came to the rescue of the besieged city, and in a great sea fight, defeated the Athenians completely, forcing the remnant of their ships which escaped into a valley, where Nikias and his friends were captured. The old, brave General and other leaders were put to death and the other Athenians sold as slaves. Some of the latter were so apt in reciting their classic poetry that their masters showed them much leniency; a number, in fact, gained their freedom in this manner.

The war, however, continued, and was finally fought out on Greek soil. The Spartans now cared more for being leaders than for the unity of Greece, and made a league with the Persians. The Athenians, in their difficulty, recalled Alkibiades, who succeeded in gaining numerous towns and islands again for the cause of the Athenians. He managed to raise a magnificent fleet of two hundred sail.

The Spartans were led by Lyander, of the royal line, and in a sea fight at Notium won a trifling victory over the Athenians, which saved the latter from a further hatred against Alkibiades to break out again, and resulted in his banishment.

Konon, the next Athenian commander, met the Spartan fleet, defeated the latter, who were only half in number, and killed its brave commander. The victors, however, lost a number of ships in the storm, and many warriors were drowned. This caused an inquiry which led to the condemnation of all commanders, except Konon, but the death sentence was not executed as the generals were, fortunately, away at the time.

Lyander, in the meantime, collected a fresh fleet, and was enabled to build many new ships by the aid of Persian money. Cyrus, the son of Darius, was on the Persian throne, and showed himself a clever ruler. He knew how to value Greek bravery, and concluded that it would pay him to keep them fighting among themselves; for this reason he furnished the Spartans with money to carry on the war. Lyander raided and plundered many coast cities and islands of the Athenians and their allies, always camping before the fleet of the enemy on the Persian shores.

The two opposing navies came finally up with each other in the Hellespont, where the Spartans did not respond to the challenge of the Athenians. The latter, under the leadership of the apparent cowardice of the Spartans, the Athenians strayed further every morning from their ships, in search for food. Alkibiades, who lived in a castle close by, saw the tactics of the Spartans and warned the Athenian commanders, who despised his warnings and laughingly told him they were the commanders now, not he. On the fifth day the Spartan ships were taken to land. Lyander ordered his ships to follow the Athenian fleet as soon as their men had gone into the country for food. Not one General was at his post except Konon, who had only eight ships manned, with which he sailed out and escaped. The Spartans burned the whole of the empty fleet, and the scattered troops on land were killed one by one. Seven of the escapee ships were taken to Konon to the island of Cyprus, where he

thought he could serve his country better than share its impending ruin. Only one ship returned to Athens to bring home the dreadful tidings. There was a terrible sound of weeping and wailing at Athens that night. Lyander advanced quickly upon the unfortunate city, driving the Athenian galleys before him, and finally besieging her by land and sea.

There was now no hope of deliverance, so after a short council Athens surrendered to Sparta under very severe conditions. Lyander pulled down the long wall and overthrew the laws of Solon, substituting a government of thirty men, to keep Athens under the Spartan yoke. These men were so cruel that they earned the title of the Thirty Tyrants. So ended the Peloponnesian War, in 404 B. C., after twenty-seven years of fighting.

Alkibiades, to whom the Athenians looked for deliverance had to flee to Persia, where, however, the agents of the Thirty Tyrants murdered him. The Thirty Tyrants were so cruel that less than one thousand four hundred citizens without proper trials, and drove over five thousand into banishment during their eight months of reign. Then Pericles established the old democracy, but even then Sparta was the dominant power of Greece.

(To be continued.)

THIBET.

The Land Closed to the Gospel.

We are on the border of Thibet, the land which is closed to the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ. No missionaries are allowed even to pass through the country. The Thibetans are strange people. Several hundred of them are here in this district and we come in contact with them daily. There are a number of missionaries here learning the language and working among those who are in these parts, expecting God to open unto them a door of utterance in Thibet. Let all God's people pray that this may soon be the case.

Of all the people I ever met, these seem to be the most ignorant concerning the things of God. They are kept in ignorance by the Lamas, who are their spiritual guides. Very few of them can read or write, and all they know is one prayer of about six syllables. You can hear them saying it over and over again, but there are very few who can tell you what it means, even some of the Lamas cannot explain it. They have this prayer printed on pieces of paper and tied to the bushes and trees and on poles. When the wind blows the paper, they believe it will carry their prayers to heaven.

In Thibet they never wash their heads, and the adults wash but once a year, or not at all in some places. Their clothes are worn without washing till they are worn out, but here in India some of them have taken to using water and it improves their appearance wonderfully. The girls are married young and generally married to two or three boys in the same family. They have three ways of putting away their dead—by fire, water and air. The rich are cremated and the poorer classes are either thrown in the river, or left on a hill to be a stake for wild animals to devour.

They smoke, use snuff, and are very hard drinkers. They make a filthy-looking beer out of barley and some other grain. It is a common thing to see little girls, two and three years old, smoking cigarettes. I saw a mother smoking a cigarette and blowing the smoke into the mouth of her little child, and the child would blow it out and walk off with the pipe.

Our object in telling these things is to stir up an interest at home and get these dear souls on our hearts. Their miserable condition cannot be told on paper. Let all the people of God pray for these dear people. Jesus died for them and loves them as much as He did you and I when we were in our sins. Some of them have been saved, and they glory in it. Let us all praise God.—W. S. Craig, in the Fort Brand.

To anyone interested in the work among poor children, a swing is very much needed in the nursery of the London Rescue Home. Write Staff-Capt. Cowan, Riverview Ave. London S. Ont.

Josh Billings' Jottings.

A wise man never despairs, when hope gives out, then comes resignation.

The best way I know of to repent of any thing, is to do better next time.

Fashion always lowers a grate man, but sometimes elevates a little one.

There is nothing more humbling to any man than his ability, yet it is about the last thing he thinks of.

Too much reading, and too little thinking, has the same effect on a man's mind, that too much eating, and too little exercise, has on his body.

The highest rate of interest that we pay is on borrowed trouble—things that are always a going, few happen never do happen.

Once all things—even adversity is positive a man's face.

A learned fool is one who has read everything, and simply remembered it.

There is no good substitute for wisdom, but silence is the best that has been discovered yet.

He Would not Alter the Coat.

The following up-to-date fact took place in Australia. One of the local officers in a certain corps got cold in his soul's experience, sent in his commission, and made up his mind to leave the Army. To this end he took his tunic to the tailor to have it altered into a civilian's coat. After a few days he sent his child to bring his altered coat back, when the following conversation took place:

Little girl: "Please, sir, father sent me for his coat, if it is finished."

Tailor: "No, it is not done." The little girl is about to leave in a hurry when the father, who is in the back, says: "No, it is not done. Tell him to stick to the Army and tunic, for it was the Army that made a man of him."

The tailor is a Roman Catholic, but he has much respect for the Army. We are glad to say the comrade has come back to the Army, partly, no doubt, on account of the above incident.

Prickly Pears and a Collecting Card.

Old Dad Carr, one of the oldest and best soldiers in the Goundwindi (Qld.) corps, got so energetic about the Social Annual collecting-card, that he got lost for two days and two nights. He is over 70 years of age, and he has been a wonderful collector, but on this occasion went too far out to some stations some 20 miles away, all on foot. The country he got lost in is all flat, and covered with prickly pears. He tells us he walked round a prickly pear all night to keep himself warm. When he came home he was covered with prickles, which are very painful, and his lips and face were stained with the juice of the pears, which he had been eating. They are fairly good eating, but you must be properly hungry before you can face them. When asked why he ate them he said, "A man must do something when he is hungry." However, Dad kept saved through it all, and vows that to be lost in the prickly country is no fun! He has done beautifully with his collecting-card.

The Blackburn-Wright Discussion.

Will you please inform my old friend, Russel Wright, that it was in the year of our Lord 1887 that I held my first B. F. I. that makes him one year behind the time; also tell him our target this year was \$62.50 and we have smashed it. I hope he has done the same.—Adj. Blackburn.

By MAJOR SOUTHALL.

IT is difficult to trace their origin, as they date back a long way, and began to assume prominence and become aggressive about two thousand years ago. Though their names are different, they belong to the same family, and each possess distinctive features. As a result of their peculiar habits and surroundings they have developed the faculty of destructiveness to an abnormal degree, pulling down everything they find, pulling down other things upbuilding, pulling down things they profess to live and labor for. They are renowned for their ability to cause confusion, create strife, sow discord, promote disunity, breed dissension, and create unexampled, undevoted loyalty, and induce hatred of discipline.

Other Characteristics

It is difficult to decide whether their active qualities, as above, or their passive, are the most dangerous. Certainly the latter make them more uncharitable and vindictive. Their conceit (in imagining all wisdom has been especially reserved and given to them, as a kind of absolute right from heaven), bigotry, self-will, and narrow-mindedness, all serve to act as fuel to the fire that manifests itself in a bitter opposition to those who do not accept their ideas.

large former years they tried to enforce recognition of their tenets by inflicting cruelties of the worst kind. From stake and rack, from arena and dungeon, from prison cell and scourging room, the expiring cry of their victims has ascended to heaven. With the advance of civilization, however, their measures have been computed, altered; and from the cruel methods mentioned, they have adopted the more moderate, and perhaps more successful policy, of subtle intrigue—undermining of existing principles—and sowing of disturbing ideas.

Effects of Inoculation.

Anyone attacked by this contagion seldom recovers entirely. It is like a case of malaria, and is scarcely curable if it has become chronic. Blood-and-Thirst Salvatouists and Blood-and-Thirst Salvatouettes, in the main, seem to be especially desirable prey, and occasionally some of these fall victims to the efforts of those who propagate this dangerous epidemic. It is even more dangerous, more than a semblance of truth. It gives a death-blow to enthusiasm, it numbs the spiritual sensibilities, and in a remarkably short time will transform a vigorous, earnest, idealistic kind of a dedicated broom-stick, and make one who has been useful in the service of God and humanity into little more than a bundle of empty profanity. In short, its usual result is to squelch the soul into one of "jadedness"—if it is religion at all.

Divine v. Self.

All the claims of this class are that they are positive that their convictions are of Divine origin, and, therefore, demand that everyone should think as they do. Alas! their very intolerance is a phase of selfishness, and that of the coarsest kind. When you come to analyse their motives how much you discover of personal interest! What personal gratification is evidenced in seeing someone unsettled by their positions! Whether the individual becomes a more true Christian, and more energetic in seeking the salvation of others is quite a minor matter.

"Divine guidance" is one of their pet phrases, but how often their actions indicate that much of their professed service is actuated by the desire of having their own way, and their pet ideas accepted. They delight to play upon words, and air stock phrases. They are very careful about dotting the "i's" and crossing the "t's" of their favorite notions.

Much of the mischief done—even where the motive may be good—is due to the failure to view things in their relative importance and position: which results in straining at a minor feature, while a greater is practically ignored. Souls rushing to hell while

they boggle and spout on doctrinal hair-splitting is a small matter compared to proselytising (which means unsettling) an already earnest follower of Him Who had no creed, but taught the intensely practical plan and purpose of saving men from sin and its awful penalty.

Ancient and Modern Examples

A number of other features, all "Divine" (3), are included in the mystic stock-in-trade of these exploiters. What great religious reformer is there, or has been, but has been caused greater anxiety by the devil as an "angel of light" through these nomadic impostors? The latter have been able to present himself in his true guise of black face and long tail? Poor Paul—I use that adjective reverently—what heaps of sorrow you endured through the mischievous efforts of those fellows at Jerusalem, at Antioch, and elsewhere! They taught bad things, than you had taught. What a lot of young converts, for whose salvation you had worked and suffered, they upset. (Young converts are their special prey, and sometimes they suck around their penitent form.) Their parchment, their staff, their sufficient and irresistible authority, their high-sounding

place of perfect laws perfectly kept, and heaven is a place of glorious freedom. The truest and greatest freedom is enjoyed where the best laws are in force and recognized, whether in the individual or the community. Without discipline, order and government there can be no true freedom.

Are There No Such Blessings?

What, then, are there no such blessings as "Divine guidance," and "Divine healing"? By all means, yes! Have we not seen many cures of brilliant character, and of a permanent nature, leading of the former, and when the consequence of taking a certain step would otherwise have been impossible to bear? Of the latter, have we not seen many cures of persons who, having been given up by skilled physicians, have been brought back from the confines of death's shadowland? But the question is not whether one individual (or individuals) as an individual (or individuals) is or is not acting right. Neither is it given as a playing for faddists, or as a means of intrigue for voracious sharks, for as the individual (or individuals) are free to expend their surplus and mis-applied zeal upon. Much less does He give it as a mercenary factor for the conversion of the masses.

What, then, whose principal desire is to find something novel for public exhibition, and with which to play on the feelings and sentiments of too

God's blessings are given to make us straight, upright, earnest men and women. Character we need, not notions;

enlightened it. Keep clear of these votaries of a religion of mystic high-sounding nothings and speculative air bubbles. Also remember that whatever lessens our devotion and usefulness in God's service comes from the devil in some way; while that which makes you a better, happier, and more practical and useful warrior of the cross, and saviour of others, may be accepted with safety and satisfaction.

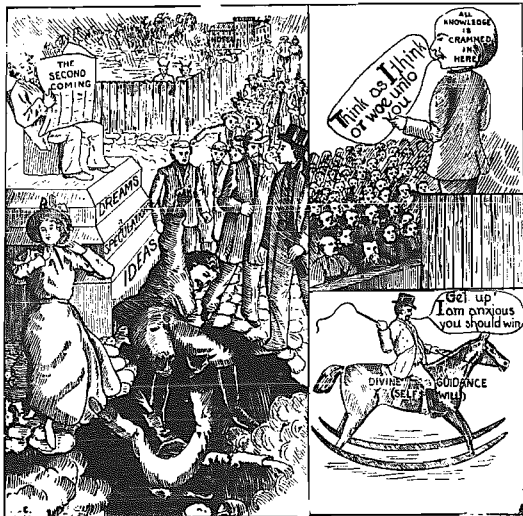


A QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Looking back over the portions of Holy Writ which have been our consideration in this column for the last quarter, we are struck with the strong similarity which the history of Israel's wandering through the wilderness bears to the frailties, faults and fortunes of the Christian world to-day. This would be strange did we not remember how little alteration Time's rolling ages have made in the fickle disposition of man, and how absolutely powerless they have been to change or affect the eternal mercies and providences of the Divine will.

How often in their foolish mistakes and unwarranted murmurings we may see as in a mirror the image of our own! How yet more frequently in their undeserved blessings, in the bountiful love which gave them victory when they only could have expected defeat, and forgiveness when their conduct had merited only justice, have we been reminded of the infinite mercy which has followed our steps and forgiven and blessed our iniquity!

If the study of Israel's wanderings does no more for us, it should awaken us to reverent love for God's tender and impartial faithfulness towards His children, as well as to the weight of gratitude's debt which all this mercy lays upon us.



terms and mystic phrases' bedazzle the upwary young converts.

Of modern examples we could give not a few who, like their ancient predecessors, glory in sowing double-meaning ideas, and all for the purpose of getting to themselves notoriety—at whatever cost.

Alas! Had they all died in the first century, how much nearer the salvation of the whole world would be. What sorrows would have been spared to the great evangelists from Paul's time to the present—as Luther, Knox, Wesley, and our beloved General—and how much greater the results would have been.

Freedom v. Anarchy.

There is no word more full of charm or significant meaning in the English language than the word "freedom." At what mighty cost have our forefathers preserved to us the charm of its glorious meaning. And yet, perhaps, no word has been more abused. The exclamation "Oh, liberty, liberty!"—which has been committed in thy name!—seems to apply equally to the question of liberty in spiritual things. The idea many of these exploiters have of freedom finds its counterpart in the cry "anarchy to anarchy!"—the slogan of government and equality in the rock-bottom principle, though they will not always admit it.

Action, service, God requires, not fairy tales.

Where It all Hinges.

What is the secret, then, of enjoying the blessings God has to bestow? Live in right relationship with Him. That is the answer to the whole question. If it is not, then God is an exacting Being, Who demands, as if by caprice, to be asked in precise terms for the blessing that He sees will be beneficial for us; and not the God the Bible declares Him to be—so tender, considerate, compassionate, and waiting to bless.

Let those who will dishonor Him thus, but let every Salvationist hold on to the good, old-fashioned, Blood-and-Fire, and believe God when He says, "No good thing will He withhold from them that do right." Let us all live in right relationship with God, and to allow matters to hold their relative position, according to their importance, and you will find that in all these questions the individual will be blessed by the ACTION of GOD and DEEDS, just what we desire him (or her) to enjoy. Don't give the small finger greater prominence than the eye, or the hand greater than the body, and then blame the Lord, and your officers, and everybody else.

Religion Is Not an Excursion.

A chief cause of the loss of confidence by many who begin to be saints may be charged to the fact that they enlisted with the idea of an excursion to heaven before their eyes, only to find that they were engaged in a long and arduous campaign against hell. This brings them up short, their knees knock, their souls dwindle into a whine, and not a few of them do not want to be saints any more. Much of the pummy-pummy evangelism of the day is due to this. It is not more than to start folks wrong. Heaven will reward their choice of, not their sturdy fight for, righteousness. To win them, lures as glitteringlyavaricious as the great rich quick devices of the money-getting world before the eyes. The Spanish conquerors of the West Indies often cut an Indian's throat immediately after he was baptized to prevent him from apostatizing. Many modern heaven raisers would need to do this to lure a man to yield to them on the other shore. To live with Christ in God is not easy, it will take all there is in your life. To enlist intelligently is to choose Christ and His righteousness with this determination to fight and win. To enlist principally to avoid the iniquities of this present world, that as a hero, scarred but experienced, you may press on to God's higher and eternal service, commend your your worth to Him, and as a saint, fight the world, the flesh, and the devil for the worth of the enlist for victory, not for a picnic, be discouraged then if the din of conflict fills your ears. God will win, whether your flesh lives or dies. Be strong in the Lord. Fight the good fight of faith, and you will win. You may not know, but know that live, or die to you it is "gain."—John G. Woolley

It is a greater because a more difficult thing to live a poetic life than to write a good poem. The mere quick sensibility and vivid impression of the moment may produce a poem; only the careful culture of life can create character.—Blackie.

→*The Religion of the Body.*←

By COLONEL HAY, British Field Secretary.

"The Salvation Soldier should consider that true religion consists in loving God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself. This will be evidenced by a joyful and holy life, and by the devotion of all his lands to the promotion of the glory of God and the well-being of men."—The General in "Soldiers' Regulations."

The world is drunk with unbelief concerning practical religion. The people pass with a suzer—even the churchmen have found it out.

The sentimental plety of the "heart" is discarded, and the practical estimate and testimony concerning it is "found wanting."

Religion without a body cures no woes, heals no wounds, and if the heart is ever advanced, it is set up against the never-ceasing cry of the thousands of the hopeless, sinning, self-damning souls all round you, with uplifted voice they will say, "It does us no good." Verily, truth cannot be loved except it be LIVED for, suffered for, and proclaimed.

The religious world has gone from one extreme to the other—the common sense of all convictions. The Reformation—night and day—has been in its life and place—has at length manifested itself in the life of many nations to be an extreme straining of the heart, and a denial of the practical conduct of most of professed Christians indicates clearly an abandonment in theory and practice of many of the bottom-rock and most important and vital truths laid down by the Saviour, WHO TOOK A BODY to suffer, and in very deed and truth became the Saviour of the world.

The extreme dependence on works of the body, even the denial of the flesh, asceticism and self-denial, received a healthy check in these Reformation days. Men made so much of it that they forgot the Reformation truth wanted to turn it all back, and a strong bid was made for heart-religion. We find no fault with these outside expressions being relegated to their proper place, and the trusting of the inner man being properly and fully taught; yet we cannot help but regard as ruinous and delusive any teaching or practice that causes men and women to give up the practical religion of Jesus for the poetical, dreamy, emotional fancies of a religion which begins and ends out of the sight of the world which needs it so much.

Begin at the Heart.

It may be argued that when the heart is right, everything else will be; that a pious and holy emotion cannot be experienced personally without some harmonious expression outside. Unfortunately, thousands have accepted of the very opposite idea; in fact, it has seemed to them from their earliest days to be quite the proper thing to do, and to satisfy themselves with, nothing more than a religion of theory and a few comforting feelings. The service of the body is denounced; it is too practical—practically so—it is ever dubbed heretical; and the enslaving disposition of thousands of the professed followers of Jesus goes on having a comfortable time.

The life of God and the hold of the heart. Religion, to begin with, is a thing dealing with a man's vitals; but the world is seriously defrauded if any man, whether he be a Salvationist or atheist, is any other branch of the professed followers of Jesus, allows himself to think that it does not matter much whether his body serves or not. There are few, comparatively speaking, among the thousands of Salvationists, who are held in this bondage; but, just as this delusion is wide in its effects outside our ranks, so it is as really manifested inside our ranks, although in a limited degree. The Salvation Soldier should therefore examine his own heart, compare it with the service of his body, and see that it is not one with the other.

The world cannot give the perfect right to treat with downright suspicion all professors of love to Christ which are not accompanied by these deeds of mercy, and of love, and self-sacrifice that made the life of Jesus stand out, striking contrast and joy, and for even the professed followers of Jesus, to be without the life of the body, is to be without the life of the heart and crown.

pleity of the soul. It is the perpetration of a great and gross fault to attempt to press anything else before the world as the religion of Jesus Christ. The cry of the slaving crowd is "WHO WILL SHOW us any good?" You cannot show your heart; you can only declare the good that is in it by the actions of the body.

"And the heathen shall know that I am the Lord, saith the Lord God, when I shall be sanctified in you BEFORE THEIR EYES."

Service of the Body's Members.

THE HEAD to think for God, about God; for Christ, about Christ; do not imagine love in your heart to Christ and keep an idle head. It grieves Him, and is no help to your neighbor. Wordly dreaming and selfish planning must all come to an end, and every thought be captive to Christ and His purposes.

THE HANDS to minister to some needy, suffering sinner. They are thousands under the tender, nursing hands of Christ's women all over the world. The gentle and sympathetic touch to the despairing and hopeless souls is much wanted.

THE FEET ever to be ready to journey on missions of mercy, rejoicing in the very aching and tiredness of the body, even the denial of the flesh, upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth."

THE EYES to look sympathy; to cultivate that winning invitation so that the sinner can see in your very eyes the expression of those which eyes looked upon Peter and broke his heart and brought him back in penitential sorrow.

THE EARS to be ever on the alert, ready for the sounds of the world's sick cry, of that vast crowd whose only chance is your ears hearing them, and doing something to communicate your

heart's affections to them, and bring them to God and Salvation.

A Living Sacrifice.

PRESENT YOUR BODIES to God—for the world, for its salvation. Never mind your infirmities; He knows how to make these effective in His service; every one surrendered and sanctified to God and the people in this fashion will be a shaft hurled at the devil with more deadly effect than it will ever be possible for us to know on this side of Jordan. It is not enough for any of us to say there are Social Institutions; there are Slum Workers; there are officers and soldiers better gifted than we. No! God has a big business on in the saving of the world, and YOU ARE MORE IMPORTANT. TO CERTAIN PEOPLE'S SALVATION THAN ANY OTHER LIVING SOUL. Let us all be ever grateful to God for the thousands of Army people whose visitation, whose burden-bearing, and whose service all over the world is continually linking crowds of sinners to God, and convincing even the most hopeless of the good hope there is for them. But do not end it in this, but rather let their example compel you to the same kind of thing. The chances are all round you, if heaven and happiness here are made up of serving those for whom Christ died, then you have not far to go to find ample opportunity.

Let the examination of your heart extend to the members of your body, and let your prayer ever be— "Wash me and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thine art; Wash me, but not my feet alone! My head, my hands, my heart."

God expects you to be faithful in this matter. The world never saw its need more, or felt its wounds so badly. Oh, for the eternal consecration of body, soul and spirit of every Salvationist, and every follower of the Bleeding Lamb, to go to its healing!

Such work insures good harvests. At this time of the year this subject is engrossing every agriculturist directly, and indirectly every man, woman and child. Harvests are gathered by toil and sweat. We rejoice over the abundant fruits and produce on every hand. Thousands will feel the greatest pleasure and the deepest satisfaction as they gather in from the fields what has been crowned with every blessing by the good hand of God. But harvests are not produced by theories—harvests are not filled by wishes.

THE SCAPEGOAT.



"And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited."—Lev. xvi. 22.

The Day of Atonement was the greatest day of the Jewish year. The part of the ceremony which most absorbed the popular attention consisted in the choice of two young goats by the High Priest for a sin offering. They were presented before the Lord in the door of the Tabernacle, and lots cast upon them. Upon one lot was described, "For Jehovah," on the other "For Azazel." The goat on which fell the lot "For Jehovah" was slain, and its blood sprinkled seven times before the mercy seat. Over the head of the goat "For Azazel," the High Priest laid his hands and confessed all the sins of the nation. It was then led away into a land "not inhabited," and there let loose, a strip of red cloth being fastened to its horns. The service was then complete, and the people here are only the living

presage of the utterance of Isaiah, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." The idea symbolized was the complete removal of the nation's sins. The goat was regarded by the people as a vicious sufferer for their sins, which it carried away out of the sight of Jehovah. According to the Talmud, everyone who saw the scapegoat threw a stone at it to drive it further into its symbolic outlawry. The region of Udsun, where this picture was painted, is at the southern end of the Dead Sea—a spot so dreary, so uninteresting, and so unhealthy, that it is scarcely ever visited, and is shunned by the suspicious Arabs, who regard such spots as haunted by the Evil Spirit. In the foreground is the salt bed of the Dead Sea, and in the background the Ghorah, and in the distance the purple mountains of the Lebanon, going to

Many a day's toll, many a night's concern and weariness—many a disappointment—aching feet and tired limbs—rain and storm—have been endured before the good harvest came.

Even so God and His soldiers will win by WORK and FIGHT, and labor ceaselessly flowing from sin-cleansed and love-filled hearts, and the power of the Holy Ghost.

It may be an easy matter to preach a sermon, but it is a hard, stern business to turn one sinner to God, and cannot be done without real sacrifice. Let us not hold back; for the reaping shall be abundant in time and eternity.

WEEKLY WATCHWORD: Confidence.

Father, I know that all my life Is portioned out for me, And the changes that are sure to come, I do not fear to see; But I ask Thee for a present mind Intent on pleasing Thee; I would not have the restless will That hurries to and fro, Seeking for some ardent thing to do, Or secret thing to know, I would be true as a child, And guided where I go. So I ask Thee for the daily strength, To none that ask denied, And a mind to blend with outward life, While keeping at Thy side, Content to fill a little space, If Thou be glorified.

DAILY TONIC.

SUNDAY.

The Lord our Confidence.—Prov. iii. 26.

The value of a trust is determined by its object. The attraction of our confidence is the fulfilling goodness and eternal faithfulness of Jehovah. The weakest trust in omnipotence is more powerful than the most undaunted reliance upon the things of time.

MONDAY.

Fear of God the True Source of Confidence.—Prov. xiv. 26.

Sometimes fear is a stronger and surer basis for faith than bravery, and it is mixed with the fear of the Lord. It makes men heroes of courage and gives non-heroes of confidence.

TUESDAY.

The Condition of Confidence.—1. John iii. 21.

Only a heart free from condemnation can enjoy true confidence. Sin saps the foundation of faith and is the inducer of doubt.

WEDNESDAY.

Confidence in God's Attention.—1. John v. 14.

Faith in the fact that God hears prayer is the groundwork of every petition. To speak to Him with doubts as to His attention, forlorn fervent or concentrated prayer.

THURSDAY.

Confidence Gives us the Approval of Heaven.—Eph. iii. 12.

The true saint of God feels no fear at making the approval of heaven. Such a heart keeps a host of holies within itself.

FRIDAY.

Keep Your Confidence.—Heb. x. 35.

We should never think lightly of our faith. Confidence in God and man is the centre of all happiness, safety, and success, and should be guarded as the jewel of a soul's possession.

SATURDAY.

What is to be Gained by Keeping Faith. Heb. iii. 14.

A broken trust means a broken promise. When the backslider turns his back on his trust, he loses the providence of God.

OFFICERS, ATTENTION!

Billets! Billets! Billets!

Officers requiring billets during the Seventeenth Anniversary Gatherings will please make application IMMEDIATELY to

BRIGADIER GASKIN,
S. A. Temple, Toronto.

N. B.—All applications MUST be made before Sept. 28th.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Lieut. Poole, of Dovercourt, to be Captain.

Cadet Parker, of Lippincott St. Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



The Field Commissioner.

With great regret we inform our readers of the recent illness of our devoted and revered leader, who so unselfishly and incessantly has toiled that those under her command should be blessed and inspired to more desperate fighting. Miss Booth has been under the care of a skillful doctor who has succeeded remarkably in his treatment. The Field Commissioner was not expected to recuperate as rapidly as she has during the last few days, and there is every hope that she will be in satisfactory health to stand the tremendous strain of the coming October Meetings. We are quite certain that thousands of friends, soldiers and officers who we all have learned to love and whom we are proud to follow. Much as we honor her and value her leadership, yet only the future will to the greatest advantage show the immense influence Miss Booth has had in improving the Salvation Army in Canada—a soul-saving institution, and in especially bettering the personal condition of the Field Officers. Then there are tens of thousands of people who have, through the public addresses of our brave Commissioner, been made into staunch friends of the Army. Our God will certainly again show Himself strong on behalf of Miss Booth, and as in former years supply the needed strength of body to one of His most consecrated servants.

Our Coming Birthday Party.

Our Seventeenth Anniversary is drawing near. A wave of excitement has been set in motion and Field Officers are becoming agitated. Memories of former councils awaken and the desire for a repetition of the mighty blessings. Holy ghost baptisms and enlightenments is growing strong in the heart of all who have attended previous Anniversary Councils. The program for the entire series of meetings is certainly an elaborate one. The celebrations will open on Saturday, Oct. 7th, with an old-time reception of District Officers in the Jubilee Hall. On Sunday our beloved Commissioner will speak twice at the Pavilion. We all are looking forward to a special treat and a mighty inspiration. Let us not only be enjoyers of these meetings, but also helpers, who assist in turning these public gatherings into mighty spiritual avalanches, when we are swept away.

and scores of souls enlisted in the ranks of Jehovah.

Monday evening a Monster Reception to the officers who have been arriving all day, will be given by the Chief Secretary in the Temple. All the Provincial Officers will be present and do some of their able speechifying. Tuesday and Wednesday the Field Commissioner will conduct officers' councils at Lippincott. This will be the special season looked to with great anticipation by all officers. To be present at Miss Booth's council is well worth coming from any distance to Toronto, and no Field Officer who can possibly come, can afford to miss these councils.

There will also be a United Soldiers' Councils on Wednesday at Lippincott, most likely led by the Field Commissioner.

The Provincial Officers will hold councils with their officers on Thursday, and the great Anniversary Demonstration will take place on Thursday night. It will show the Salvation Army in action, or, the battlefield of the S. A. practically illustrated. Every branch of Army work will be represented. It will be a pointed and interesting object-lesson which will be of instructive value, not only to the general public, but also to our own rank and file.

Will our comrades not forget that they have a part to do to make all these

"Give Him a Shove, Boys."

Walking along the main street the other day, I saw a number of men gathered around a horse and cart, on which was a heavy load of iron. The horse was a good-looking animal, but evidently coming to the conclusion that the load was more than he could bear, stopped short and would not pull any more. A (would-be) wise man was trying to reach him through his head, pulling at his bridle for all he was worth. Another was striking him from beneath, and trying to inspire him in that way. Another was cruelly whipping the poor fellow all over his back and legs and sides. Another was holding the reins very tightly, and altogether they were doing a lot of swearing, and talking.

No, sir, that horse did not give a fig for all hands. He had made up his mind not to pull, and he would do anything else but pull.

Suddenly the Salvation Army Captain came along. "Look here," he said, "let us give him a shove. Get away from his head. Don't beat him. Now, all hands push."

When the horse realized that they were really helping him he seemed to feel ashamed. His better nature prevailed, and he pulled as if his life depended on it.

Many a disposition, made stubborn and desperate by cruelty and overburden, would be won for God and sons if they somebody would compel them to feel that he was really doing something practical to help them.—T. A. Magee.

MISS BOOTH

WILL SPEAK TWICE AT THE

PAVILION,

Horticultural Gardens, Toronto,

ON

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8th, 1899,

At 3 p.m. and 7.30 p.m.

meetings successful. They must pray about them; they must prepare themselves for them; they must leave their own corps having taken all precaution to see that the local work does not suffer during their absence; they must come expectant; they must never lose sight of the great end of these gatherings, and they must make the most of those precious moments. Let there be no wall about the good old times, but let there be a determination to have a better present time.

Have You Secured
YOUR BILLET?

Man's Commercial Value.

It is reckoned by statisticians that the average man's earning value is \$600 a year, so that his death or the destruction of his working and producing ability, is equivalent to the destroying of an industrial plant worth \$10,000 producing at 6 per cent. \$600 a year. Dr. Hargraves, of Philadelphia, the most reliable authority on the subject, says there are more than 2,000,000 moderate drinkers in the United States and more than 1,000,000 drunkards. So we compute that the economic loss to the country, if each represents in power to produce a \$10,000 industrial plant, is \$7,000,000,000, an amount eight times the total banking capital of all the States of the Union.

Extension in the Women's Social Department.

Owing to the extension made by the Field Commissioner in the Women's Social Department, there is an urgent need of consecrated women for this branch of the work. Trained nurses especially required. Apply to Mrs. Read, S. A. Temple.

The Bereavement of Our Carleton
Sergeant-Major.

The infant of Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Oliver, of Carleton, N. B., was suddenly transplanted from the uncertainties of this life to the sure and enduring life of heaven. Our comrades deeply feel the loss of their little one, and request the prayers of their friends.

Whereabouts of Financial Specialists.

ADJUT. WISEMAN.

Oakville, Monday, Sept. 25.
Hamilton 11, Wednesday, Sept. 27.

ENSIGN OTTAWAY.

Winnipeg, Thursday, Sept. 21, to Wednesday, Sept. 27.

ENSIGN BURROWS.

Little Current, Thur. and Fri., Sept. 21, 22.

Owen Sound, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 23, 24.

Meaford, Monday, Sept. 25.
Collingwood, Tuesday, Sept. 26.
Midland, Wednesday, Sept. 27.

ENSIGN PARKER.

Pearceford, Thursday, Sept. 21.
Toronto, Friday, Sept. 22.
Ottawa, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 23, 24.
Amirip, Monday, Sept. 25.
Renfrew, Tuesday, Sept. 26.
Perth, Wednesday, Sept. 27.

ENSIGN PERRY.

Lethbridge, Thur., Sept. 21, to Sun., Sept. 24.

Moose Jaw, Tuesday, Sept. 26.
Minot, Wednesday, Sept. 27.

ENSIGN SPATIGERS.

Dillon, Thursday, Sept. 21.
Butte, Friday, Sept. 22.
Helena, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 23, 24.
Bowman, Monday, Sept. 25.
Livingston, Tuesday, Sept. 26.
Billings, Wednesday, Sept. 27.

\$300.00 OVER
THE TARGET.A Triumphant H. F. Victory in the
Central Ontario Province.

Our most sanguine expectations about the H. F. battle of '99 have been realized, difficulties have been overcome, and all round a glorious success has been achieved.

Every District in the C. O. P. has gone over its target, raising the following amounts:

Toronto District \$638.22, or \$71 over their target.

Brucebridge District \$205.32, or \$40.32 over their target.

Hamilton District \$240.45, or \$28.45 over their target.

Lindsay District \$194.11, or \$22 over their target.

Owen Sound District \$135.61, or \$20.61 over their target.

Bowmanville District \$90.10, or \$5.10 over their target.

Barrie District \$170.90, or \$1.90 over their target.

Sudbury District \$121.50, or \$1.50 over their target.

The Farm, \$75.21, or \$5.21 over their target.

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The Temple, with Staff-Capt. Archibald at the helm, takes the prize for the C. O. P., having gone \$60 over the target, which was \$110.

The most highest amount raised in the Province is St. Catharines, \$103.45 was the magnificent total they secured; their target was \$75. This is an excellent victory for St. Catharines and reflects very great credit on Ensign and Mrs. Williams and all concerned.

The most notable amounts over the targets at the different corps are as follows: Lippincott St. \$30, Brucebridge \$27.14, Dovercourt \$23, Hamilton 11, \$15, Meaford \$12.00, Lindsay \$11.71, and Newmarket \$7.05.

There were only two or three corps that came at all behind their target. This was chiefly owing to circumstances over which they had no control.

At Riverside, Ensign Wynn has been very sick notwithstanding, he raised the splendid sum of \$39. Hamilton 11, and Richmond St. have also been handicapped, but secured \$20 and \$26.72 respectively.

Stroud has had no officers, but Sergt.-Major Reynolds and his co-workers nobly took up the effort and sent us in \$5.55, which is very creditable. Capt. King, of the Toronto Men's Shelter, sent in \$10.00 and Ensign Fletcher, of the Hamilton Shelter, \$10, as their share of the effort.

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There has hardly been a dissenting voice in connection with this effort, everybody has worked most enthusiastically. The soldiers deserve great praise for the hearty co-operation that they have given the officers, while many friends rallied round in true style to help us with the effort, resulting in the C. O. P. not only going over the Provincial Target, but going over to the extent of nearly \$300.

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We give God all the glory and march on, feeling satisfied that the effort will not only help us financially, but that it has shown to the officers and comrades with a spirit of hope and expectancy for greater things in every line during the coming fall and winter months.

WANTED.

A home for a little blind boy, a bright little fellow with a sweet disposition, and two years of age. A good opportunity for some Christian home to merit the commendation, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of these." Apply to Mrs. Read, S. A. Temple.

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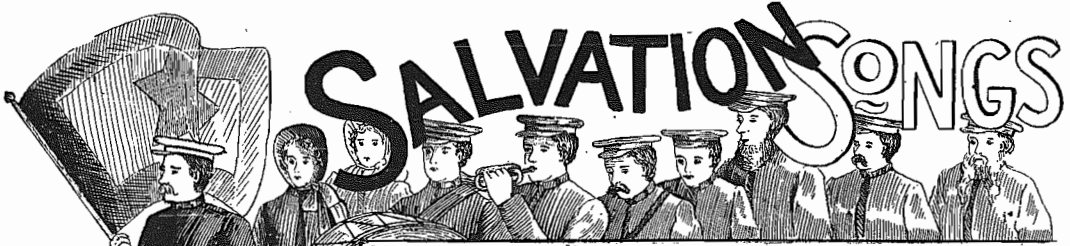
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0 0 0



We are marching on and singing as we go To the promised land where living waters flow



My Heart is Cleansed.

Tune.—From every stain made clean
(B.J. 81).

1 My heart by Thine is cleansed
From every stain of sin,
My time, my all, to Thee is given,
Give me Thy power within.
Then swift to do Thy will
My feet shall ever be,
To follow in the Cavalry path
Until Thy face I see.

Thy love has won my heart,
That love so rich and free;
Now, help me, Lord, to do my part,
And do it all for Thee,
Thy power to me is given,
To follow in the way,
And tell poor sinners Jesus lives
To help and cleanse to-day.

Thou dost accept, I know,
The service freely given;
Fill me with holy joy and peace,
A forsake here of these,
Then those around shall see
That Thou in me dost live;
And, seeing this, they, too, shall say,
"My life to Thee, I'll give."
B. Cooper, Bedford.

Consecration.

Tune.—Stella (B.J. 25.)

2 While kneeling at Thy Mercy Seat,
Myself, O Lord, just now I see
The cause of all my past defeat
Is want of true sincerity;
But in Thy light my need I see,
Can all be fully met in Thee.

I want my life, O Lord, to be
A copy of Thy life and love,
Thy holiness, Thy purity,
Thy spotlessness, O Lord, be mine:

Thy perfect likeness, Lord, impart;
Oh, make me holy, as Thou art.

My all I on Thine altar lay,
I bring my dearest and my best;
I want to prove from day to day,
Forthright through every fiery test.
Oh, magnify Thyself in me,
And make me all I ought to be!
B. W.

A World-Wide Petition.

Tune.—Saints of God, lift up your voices
(B.J. 27; R.B. 2).

3 Jesus hear the soldiers crying,
"Lord, save the world!"
Pleading for the millions dying,
"Lord, save the world!"
In Thy Army we will stay,
Persecutions shall not daunt us,
Fighting orders we'll obey—
Lord, save the world!

Thou art all our foes defeating,
Lord, save the world!
We're for victory, not retreating,
Lord, save the world!
Lifting Calvary's banner high,
Every sinful stronghold storming,
We will conquer or we'll die—
Lord, save the world!

Thousands from their sins are turning,
Lord, save the world!
And the holy fire is burning,
Lord, save the world!
With a Pentecostal flame
Spread the soul-converting glory,
By the power of Jesus' name,
Lord, save the world!
The late Colonel Pearson.

A Fighting Song.

Tune.—We'll all shout hallelujah! (B.J. 20.)

4 Once I was by Satan bound,
Now I have the Saviour found;
He has freed me from the yoke I had
To bear.

The Corps' of St John District.

ST. JOHN I., under the able leadership of Ensign Graham, who, by the way, has five Cadets to train, is making good progress, the bright days are in store. Their ordinary holiness meeting last Friday night was extraordinary—so good they were unable to close till near midnight. Several souls sanctified.

CARLETON, under Captain Lorimer, and Lieut. Ebsary, is launching out. The "Chauvinists" at Mrs. Taylor's last Sunday there. Open-air attendance nearly double that of any previous visit. A beautiful opportunity has Carleton. Oh, for more holy zeal, more of the violence that taketh by force.

FAIRVILLE is not a large place, nor a large corps, nevertheless it has six Candidates for officership. Capt. Mercer has just arrived, and with the able assistance of Sergeant-Major Lawson and other comrades, is going to push the battle fiercely. Fairville has some beautiful scenery. It has an Army barracks, and a tidy one it is, too.

BROWN (St. John II.) has been doing some destructive work there.

Now He is my constant Guide,
For He's ever near my side,
And I'll follow Him and in His suffering share.

Chorus.

Now I'm a soldier of the Army
Of the Yellow, Red and Blue;
I've a mighty, mighty King,
Victory, victory, I can sing,
While I'm fighting, watching, praying,
Keeping true!

I'm a soldier, tried and true,
Neath the Yellow, Red and Blue,
And I'm able anywhere to take my stand;
I am living in the light,
And I've power to do the right,
For I'm guided by the loving Saviour's hand.

Hannah Simpson,
Blackpool Corps.

Claim Salvation.

Tunes.—From Greenland's icy mountains;
or, My soul is now united
(B.J. 118).

5 Soul, filled with condemnation,
No more in bondage lie;
Arise and claim salvation,
Oh, why for ever die?
Eternal life—that precious,
That priceless gift of God—
For thee, on Calvary, Jesus
Has purchased with His Blood.

Come home, come home, backslider!
Thy Heavenly Father will
Forgive thy past of failure,
And freely love thee still.
This gracious invitation
Obeys as he receives it,
The joys of His salvation
To these shall be restored.

Reclaiming grace is flowing,
Its sweetness all may prove;
His mercy God is showing
To those who seek His love.

This blessed truth we cherish,
Proclaim it far and high;
God willeth none should perish,
But dwell with Him on high.
Sergt.-Major Gibby,
Pembroke Dock.

This Week's Solo.

THE PRODIGAL.

Tune.—That means me (B.J. 313).

6 The prodigal's returning,
Oh, hear the joyful cry,
He's coming back to Father's home,
And shall I tell you why?
On bushes he's tired of feeding,
His soul is sick and sore,
His Father's love he's needing,
And his home once more.

Chorus.

(Also to tune, "Home once more.")

Home once more, home once more;
Prodigal's returning to his home once more.
He's left the land of sin
He used to travel in,
Glory, hallelujah, he is home once more!

The angels are rejoicing,
For his repentant sighs,
Have reached the heart of God above,
And echoed in the skies.
And while with tears he's praying
Forgiveness to implore,
He hears a sweet Voice saying—
"Go, and sin no more."

At his heart's door the devil
Henceforth in vain will knock,
He's lifted from the mire and clay,
His feet are on the Rock.
The Shepherd now has found him,
His wanderings are o'er,
His Father's arms are round him,
He is home once more.

R. T.

Rescue Work

After holding two meetings a week in the open-air on Sheffield Street for several months, the Rescue Home Officers have secured a little hall. The Chancellor conducted the opening meeting on Tuesday night, which closed with one woman at the Mercy Seat. She wept bitterly and prayed God to save her and "show her the right road to heaven." Adjt. Jost, and her aides, are much interested and full of hope for this work, which gives promise of proving a great blessing to this dark corner of the city.

Do You Understand

How to get a Cheap Railway Ticket to the October Meetings? x x x x x

Buy a Single Ticket and ask for a Standard Certificate. Present the Certificate with 15 cents at the office in the S. A. Temple, Toronto, and you may secure return without further chi

An Eastern Epistle.

By THE CHANCELLOR.
Major Pickering's Indian Durbar.

The Salvation Army is very much alive and kicking at the Eastern Province Centre. This was evidenced on Labor Day by the rousing open-air meetings held in different parts of the city through the day. The attraction at night was a great Indian Durbar, conducted by Major Pickering. The advertising had aroused interest, and when the procession swept down to King St., a tremendous crowd had gathered. The counter-marching and manoeuvres were a splendid effect red fire showing off with interest, the Hindoo attire of the men and women. The No. 1 barracks was picked, a great many standing throughout the entire meeting. The Indian choruses and the Major's address went down with a great relish as Ensign Graham's carefully-prepared rice and curry. One of the No. 1 Juniors, Maudie McLeann, sold 70 tickets, and Cadet Tatum 10, and Held, also of No. 1, sold a great many.

Godly, praying soldiers there whose faith has been rewarded lately by seeing souls saved. This corps also has the honor of being the first ever under Cadets in the city. We are sending on their photos and testimonies shortly.

ST. JOHN III. has been enjoying revival breezes for some time. The corps is in splendid fighting trim, souls getting saved every week, and several Candidates for the Field. On a recent Sunday night the Major and Chancellor visited this corps and had the joy of seeing five at the Mercy Seat.

ST. JOHN V. is nobly fighting on. The barracks was packed at a recent united meeting, and two souls seeking salvation. Lieut. Kirk is at present leading on the forces of this corps.

HAMPTON, a restful, quiet little spot—half the village by the railway station, the other half by the river, a mile distant, the Army barracks half way between the two; nevertheless, the people come, and Ensign Ebsary and Lieut. Laws are seeing much saved work is going on. The Major is a bright little meeting this

Two Days of Blessing.

With the Southern Section of the C.O.P.
in Council at the Temple, Toronto.

The next subject on the board brought forth much interest. We all know the capability of Ensign Fox as a War Cry worker, planner and organizer. We have nothing more to do than to look back over his career to see and learn how he has excelled in leading the War Crys. Judging by the concluding remarks by the Brigadier, you can depend upon it that it was dealt with to the satisfaction of all.

Ensign Williams took up some time with his torrents of eloquence and streams of blessing on "How an Army Quarters should be kept." Of course he had to confess that though he knew how it should be kept, his beloved wife was the one who really did the work.

We hear the rattle of the crockery in the adjacent room, and at that particular and agreeable moment the Brigadier puts on a very pleasant smile and informs us, which was to our delight, that dinner had very generously been provided for us.

At 2:30 we again met. After some earnest prayer and pleading with God for His presence, the Brigadier strikes up the old-time "We'll roll the old chariot along." His opening remarks were to the effect that the course of nature, brought clearly to light the fact that we must decrease if Christ should increase. When we rose to sing that heart-searching song, "As I am before Thy face," the Holy Ghost came mightily upon our hearts.

BRIGADIER GASKIN,

Provincial Officer, Central Ontario Province.

Harvest Festival offered being over, the Toronto city officers, reinforced by a number of staff and field officers from surrounding corps, gathered in Council on Monday, September 4th, which was conducted by Major Turner.

Everybody seemed very jubilant over the glorious achievements of the Harvest Festival. The meeting started off with a singing, and as the comrades sang the old song, "Faith triumphant," it seemed as though heaven itself had been transplanted to the old hall. God came very near and richly blessed us.

Towards the end of the afternoon Brigadier Gaskin dropped in, gave us some encouragement and dismissed us with God's blessing.

We met again at 7:15 for a great open-air meeting, had a great crowd around us, and God helped us to put in some great work.

After a rousing march back to the hall we went into a real old-time free-and-easy meeting, with red hot testimonies, which, backed by the Holy Ghost, resulted in the salvation of two precious souls. All glory to God!

We all came up in faith for a good time on the second day of the council. The opening prayer meeting, being led by Ensign Williams, was a time of baptism. The Brigadier's opening remarks on the various topics were undoubtedly instructive and filled with inspiration for the coming speakers. We were very clearly and intelligently shown the great need of studying our work as officers, showing the importance of regulation and system being adhered to, having some dignity, and ever possessing that Christ-like spirit in all things. We shall not forget how he pressed and urged the officers to stir up that gift which lieh within them, and more than ever seek the glory of God and the salvation of the world.

The first called on was Ensign Williams, who very ably dealt with the 4. S. war, and threw a good deal of fresh light on the work generally.

Adj. S. Wiggins, that stalwart and robust character from Lindsay District, thundered out some truths on a successful open-air meeting. A spirit of enthusiasm and desperation was one of the most leading thoughts. The Adjutant's closing remarks on being pointed and arriving at a conclusion with your people, was endorsed by the Brigadier, who congratulated the Adjutant on his well-thought-out talk.

It was with pleasure and interest we listened to the reliable and steady-thinking comrade, Adj. Cameron, from Barrie District. The subject was a mighty one, and of much importance to us all. We know that organization is one of the great propelling influences of our day. The Adjutant goes to the right source for a character to lead his subject. Jethro's advice to Moses on his vision of labor was a beautiful lesson and one much in accordance with his subject which he so ably dealt with. To get our people to work is a sure way of getting them blessed. The Adjutant was sorry he did not have a father-in-law, but that is a good way to be. There is always a hope for one when he

Adjutant had got hold of the subject for which she lived, and that is the saving of souls. Her long years of experience gave her much knowledge of her subject and was a source of education to the hearers.

"Teach your people to pray," says the Adjutant, "and you will always have a sympathetic lot of soldiers. Learn to love them, and live to help them."

"We have made good time," says the Brigadier; "we are almost through. We have been three hours at it, and we are not tired yet."

Major Turner tells us what he thinks of the opportunity of an S. A. officer. I cannot do the Major justice, as I cannot put into words the beautiful thoughts which the Major's address suggested to us. His speaking on advancement, the developing of character, some of their sweet songs, while a number of the "Ministerial Brethren" of the various corps around the Province, among them Adj. Wiggins and Cameron, spoke.

We wound up at 10 o'clock, praising God, from Whom all blessings flow, and intending to do as the Brigadier said, continue to rejoice in the victories won in the killing of the hear and him, namely, H. F., and looking forward to the slaying of the giant, in the way of Self-Denial.—W. G. W.

A solo from Mrs. Gaskin was very suitable for the occasion: "Dare to do it, light, dare to be true."

The Brigadier brought the councils to a close with an impressive season of prayer and consecration.

We met at 7:15 for an open-air and had a rousing time. The public meeting in the Jubilee Hall was an old-time salvation meeting. Capt. Louie Matthews, Capt. White, Adj. Moore, and Mrs. Gaskin, favored us with some of their sweet songs, while a number of the "Ministerial Brethren" of the various corps around the Province, among them Adj. Wiggins and Cameron, spoke.

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"I work, too," suggested the Cadet gently, in reply. "We scrub and cook, and wash, and mend our clothes; this 'War Cry' selling is only like a treat occasionally."

"Is that so? Do you really work? Let me look at your hands," said the woman, incredulously. So a couple of hands were produced—the palms roughened and hardened by hard work.

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Gleanings

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

Canadians on Foreign (?) Service.

The cheap railway fares during the exhibition time, and many old Canadians to visit Toronto. We were delighted to see such old friends as Brigadier Addie, Brigadier and Mrs. McIntyre, Staff-Capt. T. H. Adams, Staff-Capt. W. Andrews, and Mother Florence in the Editorial den. They all look as if Uncle Sam is using them well.

The W. O. P. Commander.

Major Southall and his shadow, Staff-Capt. Phillips, also availed themselves of the cheap rates to transact some business in Toronto and visit old friends. They are full of faith regarding the Harvest Festival, and full of praise about the W. O. officers who have worked so willingly and successfully to keep their Province to the front.

The S. A. Exhibition

The Army Exhibition in London has been a decided success, and must have been a factor of no mean importance, since no less than 108,388 persons paid admission to it. Tons of books could do not a tenth of the part of furnishing conclusive proof of the Army's usefulness and success that this unique exhibition, which was every termed the "Greatest Religious Show on Earth," has done.

Wanted—Contributions.

The Editor invites officers, soldiers and friends to contribute freely to the columns of the War Cry. Good contributions are always welcome, and will be published as soon as such persons can conveniently and seasonably. Don't be discouraged if you do not succeed at the first time. The effort you made is not lost, but helped to develop you. In writing, as in every effort, perseverance and practice makes perfect. The man who "keeps at it" is the man who succeeds. We are in need of short and long stories, anecdotes, reminiscences, incidents, notes, good reports, histories of corps, accounts of striking conversions, experiences, etc., etc. Don't let your talent rest, but use it and keep it bright.

Your Town or City.

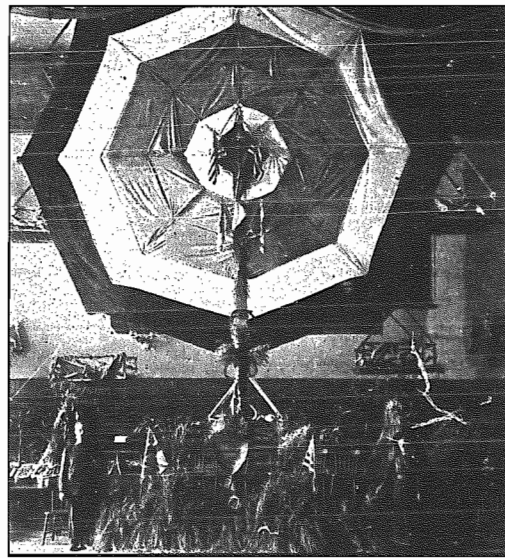
Why have no pictures of your town or city appeared in the Cry? The oft-heard cry of the Cry is to see their corps in the Cry; the War Cry customers like to see their town depicted in the Cry; the general public will buy the Cry if it contains something of local interest. Send out our photos and views of your place, its main buildings and attractions, its principal public men, of your barracks and of your corps, or any prominent members, etc. If you can write up an account of your town and the S. A. work accomplished there yourself, send us some notes and we will put it into shape here. Only act at once.

STRATHROY.—We are happy indeed on account of having victory. Seret, Gare visited a sick man who testified to having found Jesus. A young man volunteered out to pray on Sunday night. A young woman obtained victory. Their burdens rolled away.—M. Haldane.

RIDGEMOUNT, Ont.—It's quite a long time since you last heard from us, yet we are still plodding along and having the victory. Our H. F. is over and our target is almost smashed to pieces. The target and friends came today to our help. Our crowds are increasing and we are believing for greater things.—K. L.

WINNIPEG.—Good meetings the last week. In the time Sunday, all day, from 8 o'clock right through till the close of the day, God's Spirit was felt and our efforts were rewarded by saving 14 precious souls in the Fountain. Praise God for ever. Writer just arrived in the Garrison last night. Thanks Winnipeg has a fine lot of soldiers.—Cadet L. R. McTear.

DEVIL'S LAKE, N. D.—Once more the H. F. is a thing of the past, and against we can rejoice over our target being reached. God has seen our work and has blessed the efforts put forth to extend His Kingdom. One soul came to God last week. Meetings are well attended and we are believing for other



FERRIS WHEEL AND OTHER H. F. DECORATIONS AT THE TEMPLE, TORONTO.

The first speaker of the afternoon was Adj. Moore, of Hamilton I., on correspondence and the keeping of corps books. Some good, practical common sense was given to us, which I am sure will go to improve us all in that direction. Of course the Adjutant, like the rest, tried to apologize for this inability.

The topic set apart for Ensign Bled was an important one, and when we think of what it is designed to do for the soul of man, truly much importance is attached to it. The Ensign was much taken up with his subject and gave some good pointers, after which Mrs. Turner favored us with a solo, "When I view the Cross of Calvary."

Ensign Smith's theological address on "The Bible, and how to use it" showed clearly that she is a master of her profession. We must not forget that the only sure hope of any definite success lies within the verses of the sacred word of God. Truly it is a lamp to our feet and the true plumb line of life.

When our faithful and devoted Adj. Sear came on the scene with her subject, "The saving of souls and the making of soldiers," we all halted her with delight. One of the best feel that the

God, from Whom all blessings flow, and intending to do as the Brigadier said, continue to rejoice in the victories won in the killing of the hear and him, namely, H. F., and looking forward to the slaying of the giant, in the way of Self-Denial.—W. G. W.

Why She Bought a "Stridsrope."

"No, I will not encourage laziness; I will not buy your 'Stridsrope.' I like people who work for their living" roughly exclaimed a market-woman, when one of our Swedish Cadets offered her a paper.

"I work, too," suggested the Cadet gently, in reply. "We scrub and cook, and wash, and mend our clothes; this 'War Cry' selling is only like a treat occasionally."

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Never Say Die!

BARRE.—Capt. Lewis writes a glowing report of Major Golt's visit, and how they got their 11, P. target. He is full of praise for the noble soldiers of Barre Corps, and thinks they're all right. They reached the large sum of \$50.

HALIFAX 11.—The fire is burning and souls are getting saved. Last Sunday God gave us a glorious victory, and we had the joy of seeing six kavel at the Cross for salvation and one for the blessing. Open-air largely attended. Sunday night, we finished up with a hallelujah wind-up. We also made an increase in our string band in the way of a big bass viol and another guitar. Look out for our string band with Mrs. Adj. McLean as leader.—W. M. L.

ST. GEORGE'S, Ber.—We are still in for the victory. We have made quite a large gap in Satan's ranks. We are marching onward with our flag unfurled to the breeze. Lieut. Martin, from Somerset corps, was with us for Saturday and Sunday's meetings. We were all glad to have her among us again.—R. S. C. C.

SOCIAL FAIRM.—Capt. Geo. Edwards held a soldiers' meeting to begin again at Harrow, Friday night, of \$70. The officers and men gave \$40. Next week Adj. Myles led another soldiers' meeting in which some of the men doubled their offerings, and \$50 was the total. With some collecting about \$100 was reached by August 27th. Two souls at the Mercy Seat during August.—Chas. C. Gould.

KINMOUNT.—When Lieut. Young came here he did not grumble because the floor was not carpeted, nor the chairs cushioned, but nobly went to work to clear off the back debt. Not only did he accomplish it, but with the very kind and efficient help of Adj. Wiggins, Capt. O'Neil, Sergt. Major Moore, of Lindsay, and the aid of a few kind friends of Kinmount, he has succeeded in getting the barracks and quarters beautifully painted. Honor to whom honor is due.—Mrs. Crege.

BUTTE, Mont.—The devil is mad and we are glad. Sunday meetings good. You should see them as they sat and listened to the powerful appeal of the Adjutant, as he spoke of Canaan and how to enter in. Barracks nearly packed in spite of heat. Mrs. Gable is again to the battle front after a bad injury to her eye. We are expecting an old friend along for three nights' meetings, in the person of Adj. Ayre, who will be welcomed by soldiers and friends.—P. L.

NEILSON, B. C.—We have had with us on Sunday, a fine lot, Brigadier Howell and Ensign Lester. The Brigadier's singing was much appreciated, and the Brigadier's discourse in the evening, from "The hand-writing on the wall," was listened to with profound silence. On many occasions I have had the pleasure of listening to Brigadier Howell's discourses and exhortations, but never have I heard him handle a subject in a more masterly manner than on this occasion. Toward the close of the meeting and at the request of the Brigadier, five manifested a desire to be saved by raising their hands.—Anon.

DOVERPORT.—The battle is still raging. Some who had retreated are being restored. And the old weapons

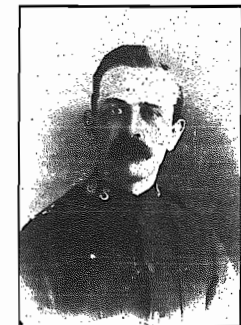
have been re-sharpened and brought to the front. Our week Sunday night one backslider returned. Every comrade rejoiced to see him return. Yesterday, Sept. 3rd, good day all day. Holiness meeting one for the blessing. 3 p.m. in the park, good turnout of soldiers. Good interest. At night another backslider came out.—Lieut. Poole.

ROSSLAND, B. C.—Staff-Capt. Galt favored us with her presence on Friday, 25th; and despite a bad throat, she gave us a beautiful talk on holiness, and what God wants and wants to do for all self-surrendered, sincere seekers. She illustrated it freely from her life's experience—personal and field. At the finish one comrade sought the blessing of a clean heart. Staff-Captain was resting for a few days with her brother, Mr. Galt, barrister, of this city. Our Specials out here in the "Far West" are few and far between, but none will be more welcomed by Rossland people and soldiers than Staff-Capt. Galt.—White Heather.

GRAND MANAN.—We are glad to report to the dear old War Cry again that we are drinking from the well that never runs dry. We had good meetings all day Sunday. Although we have not seen any results yet, we are believing. We are having real good collections. The best collections on Sunday we have had for some time. War Crys and Young Soldiers all sold this week.—Arthur Armstrong.

WINNIPEG.—We had the pleasure of Major and Mrs. McMillan, also Adj. Galt at the soldiers' meeting last Tuesday. Mrs. McMillan and Adjutant gave us quite a lecture on uniform, and then Mrs. Jewer, in her charming manner, sang a solo. Major gave us a straight talk on the "Change of Circumstances." The Spirit of God was with us, and at the close almost everyone stood up and promised to do more for God. God in blessing us and souls are being won for Him. H. P. is booming, but more about that later on.—Pansy.

WINDSOR, N. S.—Still the war goes on. Last week the Junior workers



MAJOR HARGRAVE,
Our Montreal Resident.

held an ice cream social in aid of the library, and by the aid of the social were enabled to purchase a fine lot of books to help on the Junior war. Fighting has been hard of late, but last Sunday we had a break, one soul left the ways of sin and started for heaven. Geo. A. McPhee, Treas.

MISSEVILLE, Mont.—Capt. Bailey and Lieut. Floyd have got their Harvest Festival target so they are all right. On Thursday night Captain Reid exhibited the living picture of soldiers and officers of the great S. A. On Saturday night we had a Hinduo meeting, the officers and soldiers being dressed in Hindu costume. Large crowd in open air and many of them following us to the barracks. We had a good meeting inside, everybody happy. Collection \$45.00.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

LETHBRIDGE.—A grand treat awaited our people at the opening night of our Harvest Festival, one mass of decorations, including all kinds of vegetables, together with wheat and oats. The platform was simply laden with the best the world could produce. Our people here are only too willing to an-

swer the call of our officers, as they did remarkably well in giving financially, also with articles, which were offered for sale by auction by the Captain. We were enabled to raise our target of \$50, and a little more to it. Hallelujah! The "Harvest Home Auction Sale," and the ice cream social brought large crowds to the meetings, but the chief centre of attraction was the march, when the comrades came out as harvesters, with forks and shovels, etc., etc. The officers, too, were very appropriately attired and added considerably to the march. While the officers were out collecting grain, etc., for decorations, God's Spirit revealed itself in a wonderful way, when the rancher whom they called upon fell on his knees and asked God to give him a knowledge of his sins forgiven. To-day he is rejoicing as being one of God's chosen people. This week we were favored with a visit from Bro. A. Miller, from Prince Albert, also Sister Mrs. Smith, of Montreal, who has come here to join her husband in the Christian war.—Wm. Farrow, Reg. Cor.

BARRE, Vt.—What's all the to-do with the Army to-night? Just see the crowd! Oh, there's Major Hargrave, the P. O., from Montreal, here, and of



BRIGADIER HOWELL,
Our Western Chlof.

missed the boat. Two in the Fountain. Brigadier is getting a good hand to find his way around St. Catharines at 3:30 a.m. 2:30 p.m. away we go with the banner and song. Meeting in the Park very interesting. Brigadier gave some very instructive advice to the young people who stood around the rmz. Marched back to the barracks at night 34 strong. One dear sister, tired of her wanderings, fell at the Mercy Seat. Monday, quite a number came to view the barracks. Treas. Warren had the decoration in hand, and he did it up to perfection. Can I describe it? No, I could not do it justice, but it was the best that St. Kitts ever saw. Sale at night crowded to the door. The things went good. You can reckon how they went when we realized \$46, between the seniors and Juniors, of produce and fancy work. Seniors went \$23.45 over target; Juniors \$8 over their target, making a grand total of \$100.45. This is the first St. Kitts has ever done. St. Catharines does not believe in sitting in back seats when there are better ones in the front.—J. B. Beall, P. S. M.

TWILLINGALE, Nfld.—Hallelujah! We are still proving that God can give victory. Sunday was a blessed day, but the night meeting was the crowning time, when four precious souls came to the Mercy Seat and sought salvation, also one on Wednesday night, and one on Thursday night, making six for the week. Glory to God for His saving power.—Ensign Cooper.

CLARK'S HARBOR, N. S.—God is blessing and helping us here. Just had a visit from the G. B. M. Agent, Ensign Andrews. The lantern service was beautiful—"Life of Mrs. Booth"—enjoyed by all. Caud. Jones has just fared-welled and gone to the Garrison, the first officer from here. Who will be the next to follow? The call is loud and long. Soldiers, obey.—F. J. C. C. O.

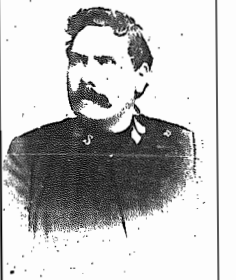
RAY ROBERTS, Nfld.—Bless God, victory is ours. Battle cry, in summer and winter, in sunshine and rain our Saviour never changes. We are proving it. Since taking charge 27 souls have come to the Fountain. On Sunday night God was with us, and seven came to the Cross, including two children. Before this reaches the press we shall be in the midst of H. E. Faith and hard work will get there.—E. Bruce and W. Hendrick.

ST. JOHNS, L. Nfld.—Wonderful week-end! Big open-air, big collections, big crowds, big devil, and a big God to help us defeat him. Seven souls saved. Hallelujah!—Howell.

YARMOUTH.—Thursday evening four comrades were captured by soldiers. After a few months' fighting in Yarmouth, Capt. Piercy has fared-welled, while Ensign and Mrs. Parsons follow him. Saturday night had a good crowd for the welcome meeting.—A. E. H.



Adj. and Mrs. Miller, and Joy, their Daughter



BRIGADIER SHARP,
Our Newfoundland Governor.

Two Memorable Nights in the Philippines.

By MAJOR MILSAPS.

A Night in Blockhouse No. 2.

A veritable city of the dead is the large tract of land comprised in the three cemeteries known collectively as La Loma. Here are numberless tombs and graves, above and below ground, covering 1,000 or more acres.

A short distance from this great graveyard, on the crest of a hill, stands Blockhouse No. 2—a stone structure erected by the Spaniards. The varying fortunes of war threw this blockhouse into the possession of first one and then another of the combatants—Spaniards, Filipinos and Americans. The latter forced the Insurrectos from Manila and back 1,600 yards from this fort. The blockhouse was on the American firing line. The natives occupied Calocan, and the forest to the north and east, with a large open space between. A forest also to the left of Calocan to Manila skirted the bay.

One afternoon of February 9th was given by the Salvation Army officer to visitation of the troops drawn up in battle array. The men were at rest awaiting orders. This gave an opportunity to push the campaign—Spain, China, and American—into the attention of the soldiers as the Lord gave opportunity.

Company E, First Montana Volunteer Infantry, occupied the blockhouse. Three Salvationists are members of this Company—Brothers D. C. Hines, Albert Lloyd and Dave Freeman. The last named was converted in one of our meetings held in the regimental meeting tent just before the outbreak of the war.

Night closed in. The Salvation Army civilian concluded to remain on the battle field. A soldier's kit enabled him to sit down on the grass outside the blockhouse and strengthen the physical man with canned salmon, coffee and bread. Darkness comes very quickly after the sun goes down in the tropics.

Squads of soldiers were detailed for various duties—some as pickets, others to occupy the trench outside the walls of the blockhouse, and the remainder in line to defend the latter in case an attack should be made.

A thickly-wooded creek winding in its tortuous course inside the Ave lines from the forest east of La Loma, made an attack under cover from that direction quite feasible.

Spreading his single blanket on the ground beneath the high overhanging roof of the blockhouse, the writer laid himself down to sleep among the soldiers. He tried heroically to fall asleep, but Capt. Jensen was determined no man should sleep that night if he could prevent it. Dependent witnesseth to the Captain's credit that he succeeded admirably. Nobody slept that night unless he stole a wink of sleep clandestinely, and it was no light feat. The sergeantants made frequent rounds to give heavy eyelids a new appointment of work. At a late hour the Captain himself appeared. Catching a view of the writer stretched out on the ground, he ordered the same from under the roof to one corner of the enclosure.

No lights were allowed, not even the striking of a match. Soldiers spoke in whispers as they sat with their backs against the wall or stood on a raised platform looking through the periscope. The place was oppressively silent. No one would imagine that the trench surrounding the structure and the enclosure were full of armed men ready for instant action; but it was so.

Ten o'clock.
Took, took—too, took! In rapid succession queer sounds like the beating of a drum came out of the darkness over in the bamboo forest towards Calocan. We knew the meaning of that noise. The Insurrectos were attacking our left wing. A moment's pause. Again the sound. Out of the darkness followed a confused roar, caused by the firing of Springfield rifles at will. A pause on the American side was broken by the crash of volleys. Silence ensued, save now and then a stray shot from a snaphauler.

Hark! What's that? Rapid firing on the right, and close by, too!

A shot. "Pennsylvania outpost!" shouted a voice. Another report. "Pennsylvania outpost!" The fire increased, and with each report came the cry, "Pennsylvania outpost!"

We could see nothing, but guessed that

the Tenth Pennsylvania Regiment was sustaining an attack and their outposts were falling back to their support. To prevent their comrades from firing at them they revealed their identity in that way.

A volley crashed suddenly from the Montana men in the trench just under the walls of our own blockhouse.

"What is the trouble?"
"Don't know!"

Silence again. Not a sound above a whisper. Brother Hines was detailed with one or two others to keep in the tower facing the north-east. All night dark figures could be traced against the sky line, but silence reigned amongst the watchmen.

Desultory firing in the vicinity of Calocan continued until morning. Pring! A bullet struck our iron roof. The force of the impact proved a high velocity. Well that it did not strike somebody.

The gray streak appeared in the east, heralding the approaching dawn. The light grew stronger, and at last with the light of another day flooding the battle-field, the night in Blockhouse No. 2 became a memory of old days.

"Watchman, what of the night? The morning cometh." Isaiah xxi. 11, 12.



DAWSON CITY SHELTER.

May the ending of earth's long night find each one of us ready for the coming of the King and the dawn of the resurrection morning, when the Sun of Righteousness, even our Christ, shall arise with healing in His wings.

A Night of Fire.

Washington's Birthday was comparatively unknown to the inhabitants of Manila. The hour is early, only 9 o'clock, but the clouds over and beyond the Cuartel Militar reflect a lurid glare surely not from a bonfire. Ten minutes later the electric lights go out. There is something wrong. There is a big fire in the Santa Cruz district, the work of incendiaries. It grows larger. The flames leap high in the air as costly blocks are swallowed up by the devouring element, but no particular excitement is manifest. The fire in a couple of hours is under control, and a dull red glow is all that reminds us of the great destruction in that quarter.

Another fire, this time in the Tondo District. Hark! Above the noise of the pounding bamboo is heard the crack of a rifle. There goes number, and yet another. Now there is a general fusillade intermixed with volleys. Our boys are shooting! There is an uprising of natives in the city, and in our ward! Krang-Jargensons and Springfields ring through the streets. Other makes of arms are heard, too. Insurrectos have slipped into Manila and townspeople have joined them. The nipa huts of the Philippines are fiercely blazing; they have set fire to their own homes.

Again Spaniards, Mestizos and Amizco Filipinos seek asylum in the Salvation

Army quarters, and the house looks like it did the memorable 4th of February. Our lamps are turned down low, and we keep away from the doors and windows, because there is so much shooting going on around us that no one knows from what direction a bullet may come and whether a friend or a foe directs it on its mission.

Excitement? Yes, indeed! But the citizens know better than to venture out unless the roof is burning above their heads. In that case stern necessity compels them to make the best of a desperate predicament.

Look! There is a sea of fire on the north. The towers of Tondo Church stand out against the molten sky like giant sentinels. Flames and dense banks of smoke completely surround the lofty and marks, sometime hiding them from view, then clearing away. We see the windows and abutments up amid the chimneys of bells filled with American soldiers, who are shooting from their perch down in the Insurrectos below. The heat is so great and smoke stifling that they cover their faces with wet cloths.

The fire is now travelling in our direction, crossing from street to street. Will it reach our quarters? Shall our Salvation nest go up in smoke? Will not God favor His own? Surely He will. The Lord's special providence is over His people. The flames burn out at the Pasco Azerrang, but the conflagration is not stayed. The Devil-on-Market is afire, and the adjoining buildings. Incendiaries are busy starting new fires. The flames are now rising and roaring in our immediate vicinity, but are moving away towards Binondo. The

As I See Things.

By J. T. T.

Sinful pleasures, like pepper, burn after taking.

I notice that many people, who claim that they don't believe in God, are very anxious to use the name of God to make other people believe that what they say is true.

If you swear, and do not believe, you must either be a fool or be trying to deceive.

The very fact of your existence compels you to stand out for good or evil; there may be room for indifference between the two, but indifference can only tend to discourage, degrade and lower.

The advocates of so-called necessary evils, have not got much to say as to remedy, when they meet the unnecessary results.

While habit rebels against, and even masters, reason, and makes men do things against their better judgment, it does not seem unreasonable to believe in the fall of man.

I have met with a lot of objections to me being a Salvationist, but nearly all of them have been based in alcohol, and perfumed with nicotine.

Perhaps they don't pull men into saloons, and I have seen them use force to get them out.

Alcohol has made many a man who was too proud to pray go through the same performance, down on both knees, in the mud; the difference lay in the words uttered—they were curses instead of praises.

A Saint of Over 100 Years.

God is blessing our visits to the sick in a very marked manner (writes an American officer). Some weeks ago I was sent for to visit a woman who was sick, and found her unconverted and very unhappy. Many visits were subsequently paid her, sometimes with Ensign Miller and Sister Harvey, and we had the joy of seeing her pass from death unto life. Last Sunday morning we had an open-air meeting just outside the home of two of the Lord's afflicted ones. Neither mother nor daughter can stand. Both are in wheeled chairs. Our meeting was greatly appreciated by them. Captain Goodwin and I paid a delightful visit to a dear old friend who is nearly 102 years of age. His countenance is angelic, and his long, thin white hair makes him look quite patriarchal. We sang and prayed with him. He was very much pleased, and spoke many encouraging words to us. Just after we left his room I heard him, as I thought, asking a question, and, on going back to see, he said, "I am speaking to my Heavenly Father."

They Didn't Want Their Money Back

At an open-air meeting held in Minneapolis, U. S. A., a generous collection was given, and while this was being counted a man stepped into the ring and launched out into a tirade against the Salvation Army, calling it a "money corporation," and warning the people in general to look out and not be taken in. When he had exhausted himself and tired the crowd, Ensign Miller politely offered to return the money which had been given by anyone who felt the same towards the Army as the one who had just been speaking. But, instead of the people coming forward to claim their own, the Ensign was greeted with cries of "No, no!" and a shower of nickels, dimes and quarters, which actually made the enemy of "money corporations" turn pale.

The Minneapolis and St. Paul people understand and appreciate the Army and its work.

The first thing we want in order to live a strong, healthy life is knowledge of our own worth—self-knowledge—to know what we were intended to be.



By ENSIGN PERRY.

CHAPTER III.

A CHEQUERED CAREER.

Did he see stars? No, but he felt strange. His feelings, in fact, can be better imagined than described. Ralph having hired with a farmer, to come to the city looking for help, soon after our wanderer's arrival there, was put to drive an old-fashioned self-harvester. It was a warm day and Ralph thought he would like a drink. Two jugs were there, one containing water and the other machine oil, and in his hurry he picked up the wrong one and took a big swallow of the oil. The result was that he was very sick for two days, and thought he was going to die.

Now he wished himself home. In fact, his job did not suit him. The only redeeming feature was that he had an almost unmanageable horse to do with from time to time.

Coming to the conclusion that farm life was not to his liking, the next four years were spent at different pursuits. How true, a rolling stone gathers no moss. Among his employments was a place in a broom factory. Here he had the trade nearly learned when he got a chance in a cigar factory, and, being quite a smoker, concluded he would work at that. After working for a time at this he saw an advertisement asking for help at a beer-bottling establishment. He obtained the job of labelling bottles, and with it he was allowed to drink as much beer as he wanted. After a bit our wandering boy heard something that drew his attention from labelling beer bottles to something more wild and heroic. He learned that boys were wanted to herd cattle in Montana. They would be among the Indians and liable to be scrapping with them most any day. They must carry revolvers and ride fast horses, so Ralph concluded this life was just what he wanted. Buying a revolver and ammunition he left town to go out to practice at a lake where there were ducks. As he could see the bullets strike in the water, he concluded it was good practice. While there the boys came along, each having a revolver better than his, so they shot at the ducks together. The boys wanted to know about Ralph and where his home was. After hearing his story they told him a part of their history, how they had run away from an orphan's home in Maine. They had quite a lot of money but did not tell Ralph how they got it.

The boys naturally fell in with one another, and they invited Ralph to join them, as they were also on their way to Montana to live as cowboys. It is no idle of travelling at different odds. They would tip the brakeman and fifty cents or one dollar would earn the price of them in a box car to the end of the world.

On their journeyings one day they stopped at a village, went down to the shore of a lake and found a row boat. This they took, had a ride on the lake, and then they went to the owner's son, and upon the scene of a fight, revenge on the boys for taking a boat away. Ralph's young companions, without hesitating, drew revolvers and shot him further. As he quailed at nothing more was done. Ralph had no love what to make of this, and he felt that if they did intend to shoot at him, they replied they would as soon shoot him as not.

Ralph could hardly believe this at first. He would himself shoot Indians in self-defence, but he could not think of a man shooting another without provocation. In fact, so tender-hearted was Ralph that he could not hurt anyone, even in fights. He got so used for peace as soon as he had no opponent down.

Coming back to our story, the three lads travelled on. Ralph pretended he had no money and they paid all expenses. Working their way over the N. P. railway west they were now getting near Ralph's home.

"Say, this would be a good day for making a raise." It was the boys who spoke this to Ralph. It being Sunday, they thought, as their funds were low, and people would be gone to church, they could plunder the different houses nicely. Ralph positively objected to this, and now began to learn a thing or two about his friends.

When he first met them they had jewelry, which they had stolen, and they now confessed how they got it, and also told him there was no necessity of them being without money.

Better thoughts came into Ralph's mind this Sunday, and he could plainly see what evil companionship was doing. He could see now plainly that he was going the wrong road. He had turned his face fully from the Sun of Righteousness, and now very distinctly saw his own shadow before him, indicating his waywardness.



In a Stolen Boat.

The company he had chosen was unsuitable for him, he concluded, and also that he would be better off without a revolver. Would not home be better than the plains of Montana? thought he.

Deciding it would, he sold his revolver to one of the boys and pretended he was going from them to get some food, he made a short cut for home and never saw the boys again. After being again welcomed home, he, a few days after, told his parents of his adventures. So, after talking the matter over, they decided to do all in their power to keep their boy home. The father and mother, in fact, showed every kindness. They spoke to him of the evils of men starting into reckless living. Finally Ralph settled down at the home community, and worked around for neighbors until twenty years of age.

(To be continued.)

An Up-to-Date Parable.

A certain man, going up from youth to manhood, fell among beer-shops, where he was stripped of his money, his character, and his friends, and left poor and half-dead with disease.

And, by chance, there came by a "Moderate Drinker," and when he saw him he passed by on the other side. But a Temperance man, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went over him, and besought him with tears to repent and reform. He gave him his hand and raised him upon his feet, but the poor fellow fell down again, and was as bad as ever.

Then a Salvationist came by. He raised the man up, persuaded him to sit upon his own breast—Total Abstinence—and took him to Jesus. Who healed all his wounds, and gave him peace and purity.

Which of these was neighbor to him who fell among beer-shops?—Social Gazette.

A Testimonial.

This note, with a donation, was given to Pub. Sergt.-Major Joe Ward, of Castleford, by his employer, when he was collecting for Self-Denial one year: "If the angels of heaven had nothing to glory over but the conversion of J. Ward, it would be no small matter. His wife, family, and himself must have experienced indeed the happiness and home comforts which they never knew before his reform, and which the outside world cannot possibly realize. Whoever was in command of the Army at the time must feel proud in asserting to bring about such a bright and cheerful change even in one home."



A CLEAN HEART.

Question.—"How can a man sin, if sin is all cleansed out?"

You have to go to the foundation. What made Adam sin? What caused Eve to sin? Did God put any evil nature in Adam? Did God put any evil nature in Eve? What made them to sin? If you say there must be some evil in a man's nature to sin, are you going to say that God put some evil nature in Adam and Eve? "In the image of God, created He him." Gen. i. 27. If you say without an evil nature man cannot sin, how were they able to sin?

God clearly separates two things in the Bible—the desire, and the will. I will give you chapter and verse. Gen. iii. 12. And the man said, The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat. "I did eat" Gen. iii. 6. "And when the woman saw the tree, that it was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired"—there the desire came. She had a desire. If she exercised the desire on the right tree, it wasn't sin. Desire isn't sin. Exercising desire on the wrong tree is sin. If I desire breakfast, and go and eat my own breakfast, it is not sin; but if I go and take your porridge, that is sin. If I desire to get an apple from my own garden, it is not sin; but when I exercise my desire on your apple tree it is sin. Desire in itself is not sin. If Eve had exercised her desire on the right tree, there would have been no sin taken as much fruit as she liked, and would not have been sin; but she exercised that desire on the wrong tree. So you see this truth clear as a bell, if you are honest enough and are not trying to reconcile some unscriptural teaching which you may have been taught before.

You are a free agent, and you can sin if you wish. Sin is in the will. When you will to do a thing, you are responsible for it. What does God tell us about the will? John vii. 17. "If any man will to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of Myself." In the Revised version it says, "If any man will to do His will." If you will to do His will, God will show you. If you will to do sin, you will fail. You will not be able to do it. God has given you a free will to choose anything; so do not blame God; do not say there is something left within you that must sin. When you sin, you sin, and you are responsible for it. There is no excuse, no excuse for sin.

I will help you a bit by my personal testimony on cleansing. I fought against sin for years. I had ups and downs in life. I didn't know how to do it. I used to lose my temper; I used to make unkind words to my wife, although I was a Christian. I could not get victory over him. Why? I was trying in the wrong way; I was trying in my own line; I didn't go according to the Word of God. I heard some people preaching in quite a different way. "Watch yourself, watch yourself," instead of watching God. I thought I ought to watch. I had no eyes to watch. I had no eyes to see that I was sinning. I tried my utmost, but I couldn't see. It was I, I, I, try, try, suppress, suppress, suppress, but it down, keep it under. I couldn't do it.

One day I went to the garden near my house. I wanted deliverance from all evil. Oh, I got tired of myself. I said, "When shall I get rid of this temper?" I was a man subject to a great temper—my wife knows it, every wife knows her husband well—but I got it right away. That is a fact. Glory be to God!

Listen, I will tell you how I got this: I studied the Bible, and I understood this point. She was a Christian, but she didn't understand this truth. She used to tell me to pray. Yes, I used to pray. At last the Lord shut me up in my room. So I read and I came out. He said, "Lord, I must understand if there is any deliverance from the ups and downs in life." I searched the Scriptures. The first thing I searched was the word "hearting." It took me about four months to study "hearting," and when I studied "hearting" it made me very miserable as I began it. I studied the different sins, and I was willing to heart, warm heart, stony heart, proud heart, etc., and I found this secret of heart-cleansing. I didn't know how to do it, but, glory be to God, He opened my eyes, and I saw the Word of God, faith. "Purifying our hearts by faith." Acts xv. 9.

I can honestly say I prayed for this cleansing, but I did not believe the Lord had done it. Though I understood the truth, I didn't believe in it. I understood it, but I didn't claim it by simple faith, and thank Him for it. I said, "This is very nice, very good, splendid," but it ended there. Later on, I brought two facts before me, and I had to face them: Shall I make God a liar, or shall I make myself a liar? If I do this, I make God true, and I make myself a liar. So I received the cleansing by simple faith, and thanked Him for it. I did not feel cleansed, but I knew I was cleansed, because God said it. The devil tried to tempt me, saying I did not feel cleansed, but I gave him the pebble to clear out, and I kept on saying, "God says it, I believe it, I have it, it's my backbone, I live by it." My wife said that I was a different man, and my temper was taken away. She knew how I used to lose my temper. "Come wife, know your well. If you want to know about husband, go and ask his wife, and very soon his whole life will come out. Test a man's consecration, cleansing and filling by his home life, his home life."

Do come to the point of cleansing! Claim it now. Say, "O Jesus, cleanse me now," and believe He does it. Who is going to take it now? I tell you, if you don't understand it, and you don't believe it, it won't do you any good, if your sister, my brother, I humbly beg of you, if you want to serve God, if you want to know how to glorify Jesus, if you want His power, if you want to see the Lord God taking possession of you, believe this cleansing, and claim it by simple faith, and thank Him for it. Thank Him, thank Him; that is the sign of believing. I have it. He cleanses from all filthiness as He comes in, and He fills the heart with Himself.

Perhaps you never thought about these things before; you never said this Word. Now, the Lord has been putting this truth very clearly before you from the Word, with chapter and verse for every thing. Perhaps there is a great temptation coming in your heart, "What will other people think of me? What will my clergyman say? We never believed in these things before, but now I believe it." Never mind what people say. What does God say? That is the question. What authority have you for not believing His Word, because other people do not?

Now, my dear friends, I have said enough on this point. Do claim this cleansing by simple faith. Acts xv. 9 (abridged). Take Him at His word. Do not try to feel it, but let Him do it, and thank Him. Say, "God says it, I believe it, I have it." Hallelujah!

(To be continued.)

Temperance Shot and Shell.

Drink, the dynamite of modern civilization.—Hon. John D. Long.

Grape juice has killed more than grape shot.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Drink, the only terrible enemy England has to fear.—Prince Leopold.

I never use it; I am more afraid of it than of Yankee bullets.—General Stonewall Jackson.

Men need no stimulant. It is something I am persuaded they can get along without.—General Robert E. Lee.

HUSTLERS' CORNER

Re Our Own Publication

Alaska's Appreciation!

A FAMILY CIRCLE OF BOOMERS.

BEWARE, MAJOR SOUTHELL!

NOTES BY ERNEST ENTERPRISE

I was strongly tempted this week to forego the pleasure of putting my week by budget of "booming" thoughts on the meek pad of scribbling, and let Ensign's article in "The First War Cry Round" in Skagway" take their place. It is well worth of a good show, and an excellent bit of reading. I was particularly glad to read that the War Cry is thought such an excellent paper, and so fascinate his readers. The note I look into the different publications on the market and compare them with our War Cry, the more I am convinced that for down right good reading matter, put together in acceptable style, with a plentiful illustration, and a strong religious tone, the dear old Cry comes easily first. This is not, I hope, blowing our own horn (no reference to Major Horn intended—E.E.), but a statement of sound fact. No boomer need be ashamed to offer a War Cry for sale.

"There is a gentleman here who gives me a quarter every week for a War Cry, which means \$13 a year. So you see the War Cry is much appreciated above the Dailies."

The Capt. Bloss, of Prescott, a brother of Ensign Bloss of Skagway. In the Bloss family we have a first-class strain of "hustling" blood. Sister Jennie Bloss has her name frequently in the East Ontario Boomers' List, and so has Ensign Walker, who used to be a Bloss. Bravo, the Bloss Clan! May bliss attend your blessed work!

Maybe you've heard an hilarious, mirth-provoking, laughter-producing "Ha, ha, ha" when you have been in certain Toronto meetings? You immediately risen up and fix your intent gaze on an individual whose smiling face immediately declares he is the guilty party, and on enquiring you have been told that this is Happy Charlie, from the Parus. In Happy Charlie we have a sample of the sort Ernest Enterprise is particularly devoted to. Listen to what he says in a note just lately to hand:

"It being rainy last Friday, I took the cars to Brooklyn. On Saturday I visited old friends, and made presents as I went of back numbers of Crys and Soldiers, which were well received. One brother was dancing happy in the Sunday afternoon meeting. Came back again by steamer. Distributed back numbers of Crys (and there is a vast opportunity of sending beside all waters, which is better than piling up Eastern Crys in the lumber corner where they will do no good."

Certainly, Bro. Gooda, by all means pass on your old Crys, but a better, and more profitable, way, to sell out regularly, if at all possible.

All eyes on Newfoundland! They are certainly having "a growing time" in the boomers' return. You won't stop at 10 will you, Brizander? I wouldn't if I were you.

While the pulse of sweet ascendancy is once more borne by our aniant Major Southell, I must not fail to warn him that a whisper from a certain P. H. Q. reached my office last week, and this whisper went on to say that the Province was getting there. I think so, too.

"Beware, Major Southell, beware! Major Southell, beware, beware!"

Will those who intend tendering for that monument as mentioned in last week's notes, please be quick, as I am anxious to push on with the cause before the Major steps down from his exalted position. (Never! comes a cry from the Forest City.)

I must not fail to notice the unusually strange position that the C. O. P. finds itself in this week. Just imagine Nigger as fourth on the list! What and news for his admirers! Now, Major Turner, I'm sure you won't let things stand long like this.

Well done, East Ontario! You are to be reckoned with, I can see. Having passed the 80 mark, won't you try hard to leave the 90 behind? Do, it will make matters more interesting than a wedding.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

90 Hustlers.

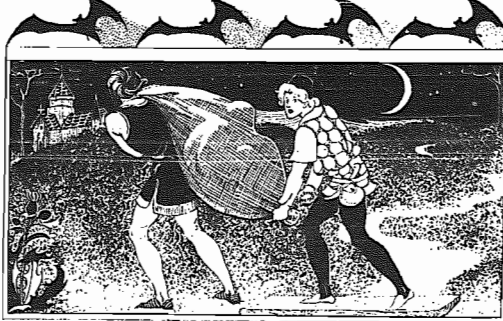
Capt. Clarke, London	210
Capt. Carr, Brantford	185
Lieut. Kneukle, Woodstock	149
Lieut. Kitchin, Stratford	125
Sergt.-Major Mrs. Brock, Chatham	104
Mrs. Capt. McLeod, Galt	100
Cand. D. Foster, Petrolia	100
Lieut. Ziegler, Petrolia	100
Sergt. Yeomans, Chatham	90
Capt. Sisto, Hespler	85
Ensign Crawford, Dresden	75
Sergt.-Major Mrs. Scott, Guelph	75
Capt. Hancock, Guelph	66
Sister Yeo, Windsor	65
Adj. Blackburn, Windsor	65
Capt. Gibson, Goderich	65
Sergt.-Major McDougall, Goderich	65
Lieut. Hickin, Wallaceburg	65
Capt. Burrows, Chatham	65
Lieut. Pyfe, Clinton	61
Sister J. Wales, Leamington	61
Lieut. Smith, Sarnia	65
Capt. Heuter, Clinton	62
Mrs. McQuinn, Blenheim	61
Capt. Duggan, London	61
Adj. McAmmond, London	61

Corps Cadet Crawford, Paris	25
Lieut. Hart, Norwich	25
Edna Quick, Strathroy	25
Lieut. Rogers, Strathroy	25
Ensign McKenna, Barre	25
Lieut. Beech, Ingersoll	21
Capt. Jarvis, Theford	20
Bro. McGrover, Wexford	20
Max Christie, London	20
Capt. McDonald, Dryden	20
Lieut. Horwood, Goderich	20
P. S. M. Mrs. Neo, Ingersoll	20
Sergt. Mrs. Livins, Ingersoll	20
Bro. Christian, Dresden	20
Lieut. Jordinson, Leamington	20
W. Turner, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Hickin, St. Thomas	20
Adj. McFarlane, Brantford	20
Bro. Maynard, Paris	20
Sister B. Milton, Strathroy	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

81 Hustlers.

Capt. McNaney, Ottawa	200
Capt. Williams, St. Albans	150
Lieut. Hickman, Napanee	120
Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa	105
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal	90
Sergt.-Major Perkins, Barre	90
Capt. LaLonde, Morrisburg	90
Ensign Hill, Belleville	85
Capt. Connors, Belleville	85
Lieut. Hamark, Picton	80
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	80
Capt. Bloss, Prescott	75
Mrs. Ensign Sims, Sherbrooke	70
Capt. Randall, Renfrew	70
Sergt. Major Simpson, Kingston	65
Adj. Ogilvie, Cornwall	65
Capt. Owen, Gananoque	65
Lieut. Williams, Kempsville	65
Lieut. Norman, Brighton	65
Capt. Dawson, St. John's	65
Bro. Newell, Barre	60



THE FRUIT OF ENVY.

Major P-ck-r-ang and Major H-r-g-y-r-y, in the dead of night, steal the body of Major Southell, and set out for the graveyard. The plot thickens. To be continued in our next.

Sister McQueen, St. Thomas	60
Capt. Hoddinot, Strathroy	60
Lieut. Pickle, Seaford	57
Mrs. Capt. Coy, Berlin	56
Lieut. Crawford, Galt	55
Capt. Hollett, Tilsonburg	55
Sister M. Smith, Paris	55
Lieut. Cook, Listowel	55
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	55
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	50
Mrs. Capt. Keeler, St. Thomas	50
Mrs. Dickson, St. Thomas	50
Capt. Hoffman, Seaford	50
Sergt.-Major Leighton, Hespler	50
Capt. Green, Simcoe	50
Capt. Liston, Forest	48
Capt. Halsey, Dayfield	45
Capt. Hoffman, Seaford	45
Sergt. Major Halsey, Brantford	45
Capt. Freeman, Ridgeway	42
Lieut. Yeomans, Tilsonburg	40
Lieut. Grunk, Bothwell	40
Sergt. Major Leighton, Hespler	40
Capt. Lippman, Wexford	40
Lieut. Harman, Wyomung	38
Lieut. Thompson, Guelph	36
Mrs. Adj. Blackburn, Windsor	35
Capt. McLeod, Galt	35
Sister P. McCubbin, Leamington	35
Mrs. Graham, Thamesville	35
Capt. Pym, Palmerston	34
Capt. Rees, Norwich	33
May Schuster, Berlin	32
Sister H. Erb, Berlin	30
Sister G. Cheesman, London	29
Sister F. Erb, Berlin	28
Mrs. Senkel, Stratford	28
Capt. MacLeod, Chatham	27
Capt. Mathers, Listowel	27
Chris. Jacklin, London	27
Mrs. Broadwell, Kingsville	25
P. S. M. Virtue, London	25
Sergt. F. Palmer, London	25
Capt. Fell, Wallaceburg	25
Capt. Green, Picton	60
Ensign Kendall, Quebec	60
Ada Galt, Montreal II.	51
Capt. O'Neil, Picton	55
Capt. Brown, Burlington	55
Lieut. Yandaw, Kingston	55
Capt. Banks, Newport	52
Lieut. Carter, Bloomfield	51
Sergt. Richard, Montreal IV.	50
Capt. Stiniforth, Cornwall	50
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	50
Capt. Munge, Arnprior	50
Capt. O'Neil, Arnprior	50
Mrs. Capt. Cook, Campbellford	50
Lieut. Cook, St. John's	47
Lieut. Woods, Deseronto	46
Capt. Tuck, Millbrook	45
Cadet Vair, Gananoque	44
Cadet Thompson, Niagara	42
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I.	42
Capt. Gros, Trenton	40
Capt. Burth, Deseronto	40
Capt. Crego, Brockville	40
Lieut. Kewell, Brockville	40
Lieut. Pitcher, Pembroke	40
Corps Cadet Fulford, Brockville	40
Capt. Findlay, Sarnby	38
Mrs. Capt. Bearhell, Tweed	37
Sister Hill, Montreal I.	37
Capt. Brindley, Coburg	37
Capt. Crego, Odessa	37
Capt. Patten, Peareton	37
Cadet Chillingworth, Montreal IV.	30
Capt. Vance, Port Hope	30
Capt. Symonds, Constance	30
Lieut. Carter, Constance	30
Capt. Bearhell, Tweed	30
Sergt. Downey, Kingston	29
Sister Hill, Montreal I.	29
Mrs. Ensign Pugh, Perth	28
Adj. Goodwin, Montreal I.	27
Lydia Phelps, Picton	26
Ensign Pugh, Perth	25
Nellie Brooks, Port Hope	25

Lieut. Ash, Prescott	25
Bro. Phillips, Barre	25
Sister Caldwell, Montreal I.	24
Sister Veatour, Burlington	24
Lulu Carr, Kingston	20
Sister Nicholson, Montreal I.	20
Ensign Sims, Sherbrooke	20
Bro. Horsey, Barre	20
Lieut. Ludlow, Burlington	20
Dad Duquett, Trenton	20
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec	20
Ensign Verex, Montreal III.	20
Staff-Capt. Burdett, Sherbro	20
Sister Trevel, Peterboro	20
Mrs. Green, Peterboro	21
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	21

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

73 Hustlers.

Sister Pearce, Temple	110
Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I.	100
Capt. Wilson, Collingwood	85
Capt. Poole, Dorchester	71
Capt. Hanna, Parry Sound	70
Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound	70
Lieut. Howcroft, Owen Sound	70
Ensign Venter, St. Catharines	62
Sister Medlock, Temple	60
Capt. Nelson, Richmond St.	60
Bro. Dixon, Temple	56
Mrs. Bowler, Lisgar St.	50
Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound	50
Capt. Stephens, Sudbury	45
Lieut. McLennan, Sudbury	45
Capt. Slater, Feversham	45
Mrs. Capt. Jones, Dundas	45
Ensign Smith, Hawkesville	45
Capt. Jones, Dundas	45
Capt. Gammage, North Bay	40
Lieut. Huskinson, North Bay	40
Capt. McAnn, Midland	40
Capt. Stolkler, Riverside	40
Adj. Wiggins, Hamilton	40
Lieut. Craig, Orillia	40
Capt. Charlton, Lindsay	39
Treas. Mrs. Killingleck, Lindsay	37
Capt. Bowers, Brantford	35
Lieut. Stickels, Alton	35
Capt. Wicks, Gravenhurst	35
Capt. Barker, Fevelon Falls	35
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville	35
Capt. White, Newmarket	35
P. S. M. Beuch, St. Catharines	35
Capt. Rennie, Orillia	32
Capt. Dukes, Almie Harbor	30
Capt. Capper, Brocklin	30
Capt. Sherwin, Huntsville	30
Adj. Patterson, Hamilton	30
Adj. Moore, Hamilton I.	30
Lieut. Trickey, Hamilton I.	30
Mrs. Lighthouse, Hamilton I.	30
Mrs. Brown, Hamilton I.	30
Lieut. Housley, Hamilton I.	30
Lieut. Bone, Midland	30
Sister Sherward, Collingwood	28
Sister T. Gee, Hamilton II.	26
Capt. Mitchell, Brampton	24
Capt. Leburn, Riverton	24
Chas. Gooda, Social Farm	25
Emily Howell, Riverside	25
Lieut. Stickels, Chesley	25
Lieut. Jackson, Orangeville	25
Ensign Fraser, Moncton	25
Lieut. Tytus, St. Catharines	25
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton I.	25
Lieut. Wadge, Yorkville	25
S. M. Mrs. Tuck, Lisgar St.	21
Capt. Jones, Dundas	21
Lizzie Richards, St. Catharines	22
Lieut. Cooper, Brantford	21
Father Curry, Hamilton II.	21
Mrs. Potter, Hamilton I.	20
Capt. Jones, Dundas	20
Lieut. Bond, Hamilton II.	20
Sec. Woodyard, Collingwood	20
Sister E. Price, Dorchester	20
Bro. Danth, Sudbury	20
Capt. Hunter, North Bay	20
Mrs. Brown, Huntsville	20
S. M. Cocks, Meaford	20
Sister Fish, Yorkville	20

EASTERN PROVINCE.

74 Hustlers.

P. S. M. Minnie Smith, Windsor	200
Ensign Fraser, Moncton	150
Sergt. Mervy, St. John I.	110
Adj. Byers, New Glasgow	100
Bro. Kelly, St. George's	100
Capt. Lamont, Halifax I.	91
Sister Ayres, St. John I.	85
Capt. Bradbury, Fredericton	85
Ensign Larder, Glace Bay	75
Capt. Martin, Charlottetown	75
Capt. Green, Picton	71
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	71
Sister Pugh, Charlottetown	68
Lieut. N. Smith, Truro	68
Sec. Churchill, Woodstock	65
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	65
Sister Rogers, St. John III.	60
S. M. P. Charles, Loderston	60
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	59
Lieut. Mowbray, Sussex	57
Mrs. McGilivray, Fredericton	57
Capt. Pittman, Westville	56
Lieut. Ramsay, Moncton	55
Lieut. Armstrong, North Head	55
Cadet B. Murthous, St. John I.	55
Ensign Wright, Chatham	55

Capt. Perry, North Sydney	50
Capt. Tilley, Amherst	50
Lieut. Lobans, Amherst	50
Sgt. Mrs. Matthews, New Glasgow	50
P. S. J. Morison, Grand Bay	50
Adj. McNamara, Charlottetown	47
Lieut. Gray, Springhill	46
Sister Stacey, North Sydney	45
Capt. Parsons, Parrsboro	45
Lieut. Leonard, Grand Bay	42
Bessie Rogers, Halifax I.	42
Cadet A. Murchugh, St. John I.	41
Lieut. Laws, Hampton	40
Serge. S. Holden, Windsor	40
Capt. Wright, Grand Bay	40
Lieut. Jones, St. John I.	40
Mrs. Esnig Fraser, Moncton	40
Glady's Hukney, Springhill	39
Capt. Horwood, Truro	37
Cadet Tatum, St. John V.	37
Serge. Jessie Irons, Windsor	36
Serge. Mayhew, Charlottetown	34
Bro. Bobby Cloud, Windsor	33
Lieut. Elsbary, Grand Bay	33
Serge. Mrs. Pettis, Grand Bay	33
Sister Pike, North Sydney	33
Capt. Miller, Sackville	30
Lieut. Trice, Sackville	30
Sister Lasky, Halifax I.	29
P. S. M. Day, Glace Bay	27
Mother Englund, Chatham	27
Mrs. Squires, Springhill	26
P. S. M. Kent, Bour River	24
Serge. McNelly, Halifax I.	20
Sister Harival, Stellarton	20
Maud Wilson, Halifax I.	20
Esnig Elsbary, Hampton	25
Capt. Moore, Bridgewater	25
Lieut. Hawley, Bridgewater	25
Cadet Truquhart, St. John V.	25
Sister Adams, St. John V.	25
Capt. Faneer, Hillsboro	25
Lieut. Brown, Hillsboro	25
Mrs. Esnig Larler, Glace	25
Sister Mosher, Carleton	22
Sister Gills, Carleton	22
Lieut. Leach, Stellarton	21
Sister Aldrich, New Glasgow	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

48 Hustlers.

Sister Smith, Rossland	225
Mrs. Adjt. Galt, Butte	110
Capt. Walguth, Billings	112
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Lewistown	105
Sister M. Lewis, Victoria	100
Cadet Johnson, Spokane	98
Lieut. Tracey, Anacosta	90
Lieut. Betts, Westminster	80
Mrs. Capt. Hoher, Trail	69
Esnig Ziebarth, Great Falls	69
Adj. Stevens, Spokane	65
Lieut. Morris, Great Falls	66
Serge. Glenn, Helena	62
Sister Mrs. Bury, Helena	62
Capt. Duthie, Victoria	57
Capt. Meredith, Bozeman	55
Capt. Gredl, Revelstoke	54
Capt. Bell, Revelstoke	51
Capt. Obit, Rossland	50
Lieut. Neidt, Kaslo	50
Sister Neidt, Kaslo	47
Capt. Bailey, Kelowna	45
Lieut. Lloyd, Kelowna	40
Sister N. Foster, Victoria	40
Capt. Bennett, Anacosta	40
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	38
Mrs. Capt. Lacey, Nanaimo	36
Capt. Perrenoud, Vancouver	30
Lieut. Langill, Anacosta	30
Cadet Osborn, New West	30
Cand. Langhla, Nanaimo	28
Sister Gower, Nanaimo	25
Sister Bower, Victoria	25
Sister Bous, Butte	25
Cadet Carstens, Belt	25
Bro. Whammond, Helena	25
Sister N. Little, Victoria	22
Capt. Scott, Spokane	22
Capt. Carter, Spokane	22
Capt. Lacey, Nanaimo	22
Capt. Reid, Missoula	20
Mrs. Adjt. Dodd, Helena	20
Capt. Miller, Sheridan	20
Lieut. Grenvete, Sheridan	20
Sister Laugher, Great Falls	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

42 Hustlers.

Cadet E. Cassar, Winnipeg	112
Lieut. Forsberg, Fort William	100
Lieut. Russell, Moose Jaw (v. 2 wks)	83
Capt. Mitchell, Cambridge	80
Capt. Lloyd, Devil's Lake	78
Cadet McLeod, Prince Albert	76
Lieut. N. Anderson, Grand Forks	55
Lieut. B. Anderson, Grand Forks	55
Lieut. D. Hunter, Valley City	55
Cadet D. Cassar, Winnipeg	51
Mrs. Esnig Lihlrick, Rat Portage	50
Esnig Taylor, Regina	46
Sister Gamble, Regina	46
Mrs. Capt. Westcott, Selkirk	43
Cadet Melne, Winnipeg	40
Lieut. Woodworth, Carberry	40
Capt. Hodgeott, Grand Forks	40

Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	37
Capt. Clarke, Virdon (v. 2 wks)	37
P. S. M. Gilliam, Portage la Prairie	35
Mrs. Capt. Wilkins, Portage la Prairie	34
Capt. Mercer, Lashan	32
Capt. McKay, Jamestown	32
Esnig Dean, Grafton	32
Lieut. Hangan, Moosomin	31
Lieut. Draper, Lashan	31
Lieut. Potter, Edmonton	31
Lieut. Hammond, Lashan	30
Capt. Myers, Edmonton	29
Cand. Nuttall, Portage la Prairie	28
Sergt. S. Chapman, Winnipeg	27
Sergt. Johanson, Winnipeg	27
D. Rees, Neepawa	25
Esnig Dean, Grand Forks	25
Bro. Harvey, Valley City	24
P. S. M. Walks, Valley City	24
Mrs. Johnson, Bismarck	22
Cadet Gamble, Rat Portage	22
Capt. Askin, Grafton	22
Capt. Pierce, Moosomin	22
Lieut. Lenwick, Virdon	20
Sister A. Heath, Winnipeg	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

10 Hustlers.

Sergt. Clark, St. Johns	50
Sergt. March, St. Johns	50
Leader Smyth, Pitt Cove	47
Sergt.-Major Newman, Twillingate	47
Cadet Simmons, St. Johns I.	45
Cadet Wiseman, St. Johns I.	35
Cadet Hill, St. Johns I.	25
Lieut. Reader, Bay Roberts	20
Capt. Ashford, Twillingate	25
Sister Willar, Twillingate	20
Sister Shepherd, Twillingate	20
Cand. Bales, St. Johns I.	21
Cand. E. Bailey, St. Johns I.	21
Cand. M. Reid, St. Johns I.	20
Cadet Knight, St. Johns I.	20
Cadet Dunder, St. Johns I.	21

KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

3 Hustlers.

Lieut. Aiken, Dawson City	200
Esnig Bliss, Skagway	120
Adj. McGill, Skagway	50

LOOK!!!

JUST OPENED A NEW STOCK OF

BONNET RIBBON

At 50 Cents per yd.

Besides this we have the usual 35c. line, and the Silk Trimming at 85c. and \$1.00 per yard.

Send to your Provincial Officer for Samples of our

NEW LINE OF DRESS GOODS AT 75 CENTS.

It is a lovely Henrietta and we heartily recommend it.

Faithfully yours,

TRADE SECRETARY.

 ** Our Field Officers. **

HOW I CAME INTO THE GARRISON.

I thank God to-day for salvation and for the opportunity He has given me in coming in contact with the Salvation Army. Born and raised on a farm, my home, though not a house of prayer, thank God contained for a mother one who taught me while a child to say "Gentle Jesus," at her knee. With the exception of my father's death, when I was only 10 years old, nothing eventful happened until I was a lad of about 17. I attended, at that age, some revival meetings in our church, and was brought to see my need of a Saviour. After being at a funeral of an acquaintance, I went forward and received the witness of sins forgiven. I went home happy and got along very well for some time, till I left home for a few weeks, when I refused to take up my cross and do as I should have done, consequently I lost the victory in my soul. After that I drifted into views peculiar to my surroundings. Coming of age, I fell heir to a neat little farm of money and saw property. I drifted cityward, where I thought I did good, and even joined the high. Again I failed because I would respect my my cross. I have since known that I failed because I did not to let the power of the Holy Ghost within me burden when we step into obedience to be the dark path of a man of money and saw property. I drifted down, and got book-keeping with my position as other pennant. Did not get into anulation, went one, and through speech joined the I was penniless. I was a player, an old on till I was Leaving the army, a spiritual wreck, and to Manitoba,

my ability, seeing there were many more fit for the work God called me to do. Then that war began, as Paul explains in Romans, when I would do good, evil was present. I could see the influence of inbred sin and of a carnal mind. I was looking, alas, at my health, feeling I would not be able to stand the test. I kept hanging back for about three months, all things were getting desperate. I decided to go after consulting some first-class medical doctor in Winnipeg; after two weeks' treatment I came away worse than when I went. I went back to my old home, and to claim the blessing, I rose from my knees, destitute, but knew I had not met God's demands. Everything got dark again, till I said it was no use, I must do it or lose my peace with God. Praise God, when I wrote a line to the Training Officer in Toronto, telling of God's call, and when it was mailed I could say with Isaiah of old, "Here I am, Lord, - send me." I was called to go, as well as to take God as my Sanctifier. Seventy devils could not have convinced me otherwise, Praise Him! For over two years I have been enabled to go forward taking Him for my Physician, as well as my Sanctifier. It has not cost me anything for medical attendance since, though my faith is often tried.

Dear reader, are you obedient? I would say, Pay the price, God will reward.—Lieut. Fred Haud.

MISSING

(First insertion.)

FORREST, GAVAN. Wanted to know the address of the one who corresponded with the Vicar of Bushenden, West Australia, regarding Gavan Forrest. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

MATHER, or WILSON, WILLIAM. Age 30, height 5 ft. 4 in., brown hair, blue eyes, rather stout. Last known address in March, 1885, was Thompson House, Silverton, B. C. He is a joiner and builder by trade. Wife in England anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

EDWARDS, LUMLEY. Age 40 years, fair complexion. Last heard of in 1888. Was then keeping a restaurant in Boston, U. S. A. His aunt, Mrs. Jenkins, of Portage la Prairie, Man., is anxious to hear from him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

LEWIS, FREDERICK. Age 39 years, height 5 ft. 4 in., dark wavy hair, dark complexion, grey eyes. Last known address was St. Catharines P. O., Ont. Baker by trade. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

WHITE, GEORGE. Is a gardener. Left Cumberland, England, for America in 1884, and has since been in contact with Detroit. Was then of slight medium height, fair complexion. Now supposed to be in Canada. Also MRS. WHITE (nee Maggie Wilson), wife of the above, is anxious to hear from him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HORMEN, JOHN H. Dark hair, blue eyes, age 34 years. Born near Rimont, Cooper Co. Partly raised by Wm. H. Hickman. Last heard from in Bates Co., Missouri, about 16 years ago. His brother, James B. Hormen, of Silverdale, Montana, anxiously enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

WARD, HENRY. English, height about 5 ft. 8 in., dark complexion, left hand, cooking for men's last and brown hair, grey eyes, age about 50 years. Has not been heard of for twenty years. In 1870 or 1880 he was at Haddington Hill Ship Station, New South Wales. Last seen, cooking for men's last and was well-sinking for a 25c. close by. News of interest awaits him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

LIKINS, FRANCIS JOHN. Dark brown wavy hair, blue eyes, rather stout, fine form, about 50 years of age. Last seen, cooking for men's last and 20 years ago. Last heard of 8 years ago at Detroit, Mich. Saddler by trade. Sometimes travelling for Wholesale Harrows. Compulsively and anxiously enquiring. Answer immediately. Mrs. W. S. Likins, 431 King St., London, Ont.

McLEAN, DONALD NEIL. Known as Dan, 20 years of age, tall, blue eyes, dark hair. Last heard of two years ago at Victoria, British Columbia. News of interest awaits him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

THE 17th ANNIVERSARY

Of the Salvation Army in this Territory will be Celebrated
by a Series of

Great Public Gatherings and Officers' Councils

COMMENCING

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 7th,

AND ENDING ON

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12th.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER MISS BOOTH

Will be in Command, and will Conduct the following Public Services:

Two Mass Meetings on Sunday,

October 8th, at 3 and 7.30 p.m.

A Huge and Unique Demonstration

On Thursday, October 12th.

300 OFFICERS WILL BE PRESENT.

For Full Particulars see Local Papers and Bill, also Next Week's Announcement in the War Cry.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends who wish to attend these Gatherings can avail themselves of the Special Railway Arrangements. Buy a Single Ticket, and ask for a Standard Certificate, which you present at the General Secretary's Office, S. A. Temple, to be Stamped, and which, with a payment of 15 cents, will secure you a Return Ticket.

Officers should at once communicate with Brigadier Gaskin about a Billet.